

The Sketch

No. 707.—Vol. LV.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



THE REMARKABLE TOWNSHEND INQUIRY: THE MARQUESS ASSISTING THE MARCHIONESS
TO ALIGHT AT THE OLD HALL, LINCOLN'S INN.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau



"REELY," she said, "this is about the only place where one can come of an evening. Don't you think so, Alfred?"

"Yes," said Alfred, who was secretly bored with the chilly respectability of Duke Park. "The folks that go on the front," the girl continued, adjusting a hairpin with two rather overgloved fingers, "are awful, and the people on the pier are worse. Don't you think so?" "Yes," said Alfred. "I suppose," he added, "you can't get drinks here, can you?" "Oh, no! Wait till you get home. Come and listen to the lovely music. I do dote on Chikoffsky, don't you?" "Yes," said Alfred.

And this shows you, once again, how absurd it is to divide English Society into four classes—the Upper, the Upper Middle, the Lower Middle, and the Lower; in Westbourne-on-Sea alone I could point you out at least a dozen sharply defined classes. There are the people, to begin with, who drive out for an hour in the afternoon, and spend the rest of the day in aristocratic seclusion. Save that they breathe the same air, they have nothing whatever to do with anybody else at Westbourne-on-Sea. They are absolutely "on top." Then there are the people who stay at the Jerusalem Hotel. These, of course, are never to be seen in any place of public amusement. When they are not eating or sleeping, they sit in the hall or the porch of the Jerusalem and make a mental calculation of the amount, to date, of the bill. Next come those who stay at the private hotels. Here we begin to get glimpses of human beings. By day, perhaps, they are invisible, but in the evening they perch on the balcony for an hour and allow the Corporation Band to play at them.

Class the Fourth is made up of those who enjoy a vested interest in a motor-car. From the point of view of the motorists, there is one very decided drawback to Westbourne-on-Sea: the promenade is only a mile long. This means that every three minutes the poor dears have got to turn round and come back again. Some people might say, "Well, but why don't you run out into the country a bit? The roads are good, the scenery is lovely, and the policemen are helping with the harvest." Sheer nonsense, of course! What in the world is the good of wearing the car out in travelling over unfrequented roads? The people on the front turn to gape, but in the country one might as well be riding a bike!

Class the Fifth consists of "really nice" people from London, who take a furnished house, bring their servants with them, and walk about, smiling amiably, in stiff collars and silk petticoats. Papa bathes before breakfast, thus escaping the contaminated waves that have buffeted the bodies of comparatively common creatures. At eleven o'clock Nurse takes Master Percy and Miss Muriel to paddle about on that nice, quiet part of the beach in front of the Jerusalem Hotel. And so on. Class the Sixth includes all the other "really nice" people who cannot afford to do the thing in quite such good style. They live in furnished apartments on the front, and sometimes, after dinner, they say to each other, "I suppose when one goes to Rome, one may as well do as Rome does? What do you say to a little stroll on the pier?"

Class the Seventh comes down to enjoy itself. Class the Seventh has money, and Class the Seventh spends it. These are the people who take cabs to the top of Beachy Bill; who buy stalls at the theatre; who drop sixpences into the nigger's tambourine; in whose rooms may be heard, as you pass, the hiss of the siphon and the occasional popping of a champagne-cork. Class the Seventh is not puffed up. It makes its money across bars and counters, and

it spends it at Westbourne-on-Sea. Class the Eighth does not like Class the Seventh. Class the Eighth calls them "those common Peckham people." The trouble with Class the Eighth is that, having shunned work since grandfather retired from business, money is rather short.

Class the Ninth lives at Westbourne-on-Sea all the year round, and battens on those who come down. Class the Ninth knows exactly how much fun you can get for a shilling, and gets it every time. Class the Ninth, for example, secures the best seats for the open-air concerts on the pier, and for the band on the promenade. Class the Ninth is never fooled. "Half-prices and first cut in" is good enough for Class the Ninth. Class the Tenth arrives at six o'clock in the morning, very tired, very hot, but full of hope. Class the Tenth goes away at ten o'clock at night, more tired, hotter, and full of beer. Class the Tenth does everything that can be done for two-and-ninepence. You can listen to the niggers for hours for a halfpenny, and wheelks are not expensive. In the heat of the day you can lie on the beach and 'ave a bit of a sleep.

"Aha!" says my friend the reader. "Now he's done. He said there were 'at least a dozen' classes, and he can only think of ten!" Bear with me. Class the Eleventh lives in all those tiny cottages on the very outskirts of the town. Class the Eleventh seldom finds its way down to the Front. It is a long way to walk, and the 'bus-fare is the price of a pint. 'Sides, the folks on the Front are such blinkin' toffs. None the less, Class the Eleventh makes an effort on a special occasion. The other night, for example, we had a display of fireworks, and Class the Eleventh turned out to a child in arms. It was wonderful to see them all trudging patiently eastwards when the show was over.

And so I come to Class the Twelfth—the tramp. We don't encourage tramps at Westbourne-on-Sea. We are not squeamish, but they have a way of offending the eye. And the tramp, therefore, being a far more sensitive fellow than we imagine, slinks through the mean streets and seeks the more friendly hedgerows again. What does he think of it all—the bands, and the niggers, and the organs, and the motor-cars, and the bicycles, and the carriages, and the dresses, and the laughter, and the rest of the sunlit hubbub? Does he grind his teeth with envy, or does he thank God that he is not as other men are? I believe that, in his heart, the tramp is a bit of an egotist. At any rate, he must know that he has a definite, and therefore a conspicuous, place in our social scheme.

I have only one serious fault to find with Westbourne-on-Sea: there is really too much music. When you get seventeen bands, five troupes of minstrels, and eighty-three street vocalists and instrumentalists all competing for public favour within the area of a square mile, and at the same time, you begin to wonder whether the thing is not being just a trifle overdone. Almost opposite my window, for example, there is a bandstand. At eight o'clock every evening, thirty or forty strong men with powerful instruments entrench themselves in this bandstand and play, loudly and defiantly, for two hours. Very nice, of course. But at a quarter past eight an old gentleman who has had the misfortune to lose his hearing sits on the pavement immediately beneath my window, and draws melancholy, if sweet, music from an old-fashioned hurdy-gurdy. What is one to do? It would be cruel to interfere with the exercise of the old deaf gentleman, and it is obviously impossible to fight forty big men in a bandstand. It is too hot to shut the windows, and too early to go to bed. Here is a hard case for you, friend the reader. Envelopes to be marked "Poor dear!" in the left-hand corner.

CUPID IN THE KINGDOM OF CANNON.



IT is not wholly inaccurate to speak of Miss Bertha Krupp and her sister Barbara as the War Queens of Europe. When Germany's great War Lord, Kaiser William, visited the Krupp works the other day, he could not but remember that if these two young ladies should suddenly shut down their works one or two nations, unable to procure arms, would of necessity have to keep the peace for some time to come. Well, the war queens are thinking just now not of engagements on the battlefield, but their own engagements. Miss Bertha Krupp, the elder, and the richest young lady in Europe, is soon to wed Herr von Bohlen-Halbac, a skilful young diplomat who has distinguished himself as Secretary of the Prussian Legation at the Vatican. And now the younger sister, Barbara, has plighted her troth to another young Prussian with diplomatic aspirations. This fortunate man is Baron Wilmowski, who holds a position under the Prussian Government. How much their wealth really represents the co-heiresses may not know, but the income from it now amounts to a million sterling per annum. The sisters, particularly the elder, direct the vast gun-making works which their late father founded. They have scores of thousands of workpeople, and the establishment and dwellings represent a little world of their own. The girls made their debut in German society under the ægis of the Emperor and Empress, but that they have sought no higher alliances than those they are about to make bears out the impression that they are among the most unostentatious maidens in the Fatherland.

1. FRÄULEIN BARBARA KRUPP, WHO IS ENGAGED TO BARON WILMOWSKI.

2. HERR VON BOHLEN-HALBAC, WHO IS ENGAGED TO FRÄULEIN BERTHA KRUPP.

3. FRÄULEIN BERTHA KRUPP, WHO IS ENGAGED TO HERR VON BOHLEN-HALBAC.

Photographs by Kessler.

THE CLUBMAN.

*Sea Etiquette—The Spanish Royal Ensign—The Sins of Motor-Cars—
Motoring's Effect on Yachting—Three Men; One Bill—Shooting—
Schoolmasters.*

THE etiquette of the sea puzzles many people who spend a good deal of time upon the water. At Cowes this year, with both King Edward and the King of Spain present, many of the yachtsmen at anchor were not altogether certain



SAVAGED AND BADLY WOUNDED BY MARIGOLD IV.:
OTTO MADDEN.

Madden was riding Centre to the post for the Worthing Plate when Marigold IV., ridden by Brady, savaged him. The horse not only pulled the unfortunate jockey to the ground, but knelt on him, and bit him severely on the ribs and neck. Madden was medically attended without delay, but is not likely to ride for some time.

Photograph by Sherborn.

owners of cutters that had but one mast, who wished to be polite to both Kings, were the men who had the difficult problem to solve.

I wonder how many Englishmen know what the royal ensign of Spain is like. I did not until I went to Cowes this year. Had anybody asked me what were its colours, I should have unhesitatingly described it as being yellow and red, and I think I should have ventured on a statement that a lion ramped upon it and that a castle was much in evidence. The standard of King Alfonso has a purple ground, with a circle upon it, on which are the royal arms. It is the least gaudy royal standard that I have ever seen.

The motor-car is blamed for many things on land, for dust and noise, but I was not prepared to find that it was supposed to have a malignant effect upon things of the sea; yet when I remarked that the assemblage of yachts at Cowes seemed to be smaller than usual, I was answered that that was only to be expected, as motor-cars have interfered sadly with yachting. A big yacht is one of the most expensive luxuries in the world, and even a small yacht costs a good deal of money every year. A man who can keep a ten-tonner in commission can run a fine motor-car the year through for less price, and hundreds of men who used to be yacht-owners now do their cruising on land. The King, though he is an ardent motorist, is also a keen yachtsman, and he does all that is possible for sport on the water; but no doubt the little yachts have very dangerous rivals in the big motor-cars.

The hotel-keepers both in England and abroad do not regard motor-cars altogether as blessings. They say that before every man had a private road-engine, people stopped at least a whole day at an

hotel, but now it takes three men to run up a bill which one man was answerable for twenty years ago. One motoring man comes late at night, sleeps, and has breakfast; another, who has covered fifty miles, looks in to lunch; and another snatches a hasty dinner before running another twenty-five miles to the place where he will sleep. The hotel-keeper whom I have not yet discovered, but who I am sure must exist, is the man whose fortune has been made by motor-cars. There ought to be scores of old inns at any distance over fifty miles from London to which motor-cars have brought a revival of prosperity. It may be that the proprietors of these inns have a wholesome dread of the income-tax man, but I am never told of a fortune in the making through the visits of motorists. Perhaps the long-distance motorist is in too great a hurry to eat a satisfactory meal, from the innkeeper's point of view.

One very good deed the motorists have done abroad: they have put a check on the greed of the pirate hotel-keeper. In old days, when a Swiss or German innkeeper of the "your-money-or-your-life" type had a traveller in his clutches, he could generally hold him and bleed him for twenty-four hours. The man with a motor in the hotel garage, if he finds at lunch-time that his host considers a chicken worth its weight in gold, can be fifty miles away by the time he is hungry again.

Even in Canterbury during the "week" I heard of the misdeeds of the motor-car. In the good old days the people of the county used to come into Canterbury for the balls and the theatricals and used to take lodgings or rooms in one of the hotels for the week. The balls are still agreeably crowded, and the Old Stagers have drawn good houses all last week; but the pretty lady who has danced till three a.m., instead of going back to her rooms in St. George's Place, steps into her car waiting outside the ball-room and is whisked back to Folkestone or Ashford, running in again to Canterbury after a late breakfast to watch the cricket.

A small friend of mine, one of the boys who went into camp with the Public Schools Volunteers, tells me that he and "the other fellows" were much impressed by the speech which Lord Roberts made to them, and the boy, being a keen rifle shot, made a suggestion which had a certain amount of sound common-sense in it. He said that as all under-masters are chosen not only for their knowledge of Greek and Latin and algebra, but also because they are good in some sport, it would be a good thing, where there is no professional adjutant of a school corps, to select some one of the applicants for mastership who is keen on rifle-shooting, and to put him into touch with Lord Roberts. I pointed out that little "Bobs" would require the mechanism of a big State department at his command if he were to keep an eye on the shooting of all the schoolboys of Great Britain; but the suggestion, all the same, has a core of sense in it.



AN M.P. DOGGED BY MISFORTUNE:
MR. ARNOLD HERBERT.

Mr. Herbert, M.P. for South Bucks, who recently met with a serious accident while riding, was in yet another accident last week. He was driving in a brougham in High Street, High Wycombe, when his horses bolted and overturned the carriage. Mr. Herbert, whose arm was still in a sling, was unable to protect himself, and was badly shaken.

Photograph by Starling.



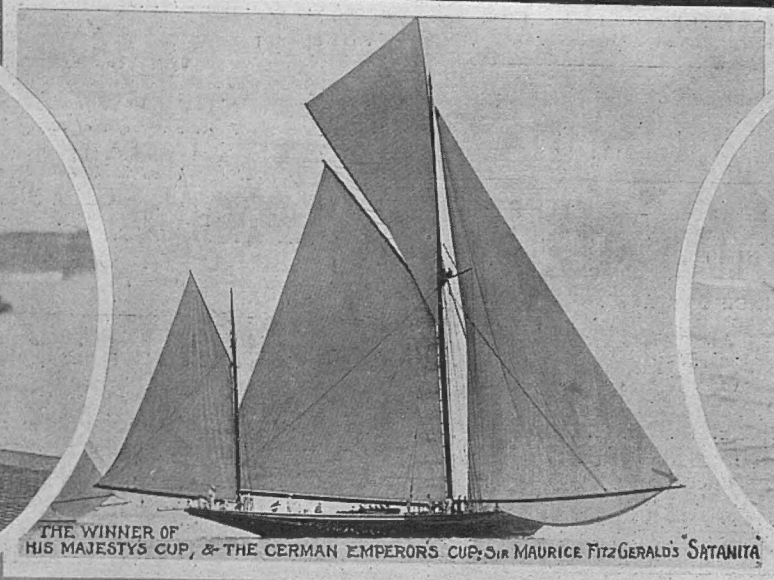
NEW ART ADVERTISING: AN ELABORATE "HOARDING" IN MUNICH.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

ARISTOCRATIC YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN.



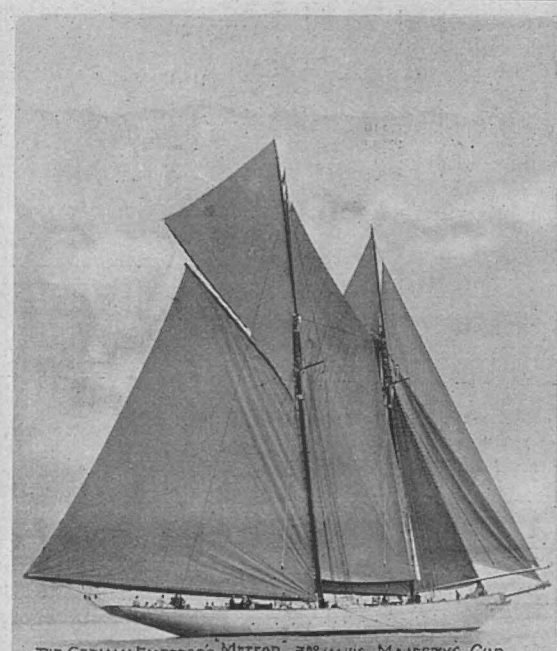
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THE WINNER OF HIS MAJESTY'S CUP, & THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S CUP: SIR MAURICE FITZGERALD'S "SATANITA".



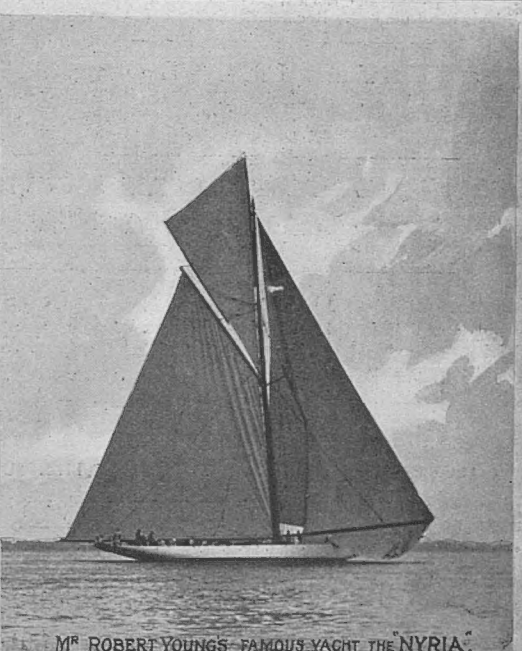
MR FOSTER.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S METEOR, 3rd IN HIS MAJESTY'S CUP.



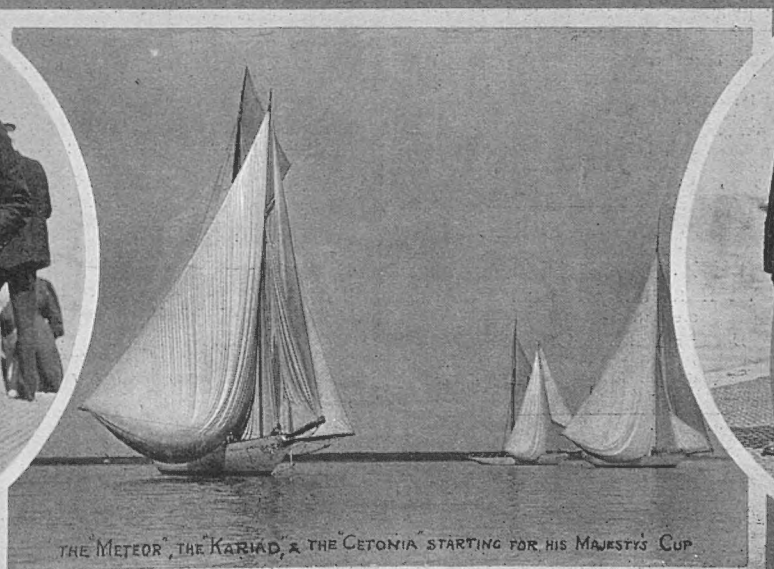
THE KING ON HIS YACHT "BRITANNIA".



MR ROBERT YOUNGS' FAMOUS YACHT THE "NYRIA".



THE MARQUESS OF AILSA.



THE "METEOR", THE "KARIAD", & THE "CETONIA" STARTING FOR HIS MAJESTY'S CUP.



SIR JOHN JACKSON.

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Photographs by Bowden Brothers.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE King is even now proceeding to take what has become his annual holiday, rather than his annual "cure," at Marienbad; and the beautiful little Bohemian town has made discreet preparations to welcome the most popular of modern monarchs. On one occasion the visitors (many of them, one is grieved to say, of British nationality) annoyed the King by crowding round while he took the waters; but the Burgomaster

rose to the occasion, and issued notices warning both native and foreign folk to refrain from such uncivil and vulgar behaviour. These had an excellent effect, and the most important of Marienbad's summer guests is now treated with due deference. The Hotel Weimar, where King Edward generally stays, owes its name to the fact that it was twice inhabited by the great Goethe, and the sitting-room occupied by the author of "Faust" is now his Majesty's reception-room. The fine old house, which is nearly a hundred years old, lies on the outskirts of Marienbad, and from the windows of the royal suite are splendid views of the surrounding country, which is admirably adapted for the taking of long and safe motor excursions.

Concerning Biarritz.

Biarritz the Beautiful is in the midst of its summer season: *la grande saison*, it is called. Even the mosquito is on the buzz. The queen of Western watering-places is the proud possessor of three seasons. In the winter and early spring come the English and the Americans; then the French and the Spanish in July and August, and after that the Russians, who prolong their stay often to the latter days of October. Meantime, the two Casinos do a roaring trade, whatever the temperature, and over the green-cloth table you will find a little group at any hour of the night, and even until the sun is well up and the un-gambling world has begun breakfast. Such is the force of an illustrious example that the Englishman has come in greater numbers than ever before to this picturesque resort on the wild, blue Bay of Biscay. The prospects for next season, also, are such as to expand the smile of the hotel-proprietor, who puts his hand more proudly than ever in the right pocket to hold down the bulging purse. The

villa where Princess Ena and her mother stayed is situated in the park which is known as the Bois de Boulogne. Many a loyal Briton gazes at it with interested eyes as the trysting place of a young King and future Queen.

The King of Spain's Scottish Host.

Lord Leith, to whom has fallen the really signal honour of first introducing the beauties of Bonnie Scotland to King Alfonso, is a twentieth-century Peer. As Mr. Forbes Leith, their Spanish Majesties' host was known as one of the most generous of Scotland's many philanthropists, and the deepest sympathy was felt with him and with his wife when they lost their only son fighting for Queen and country in South Africa.

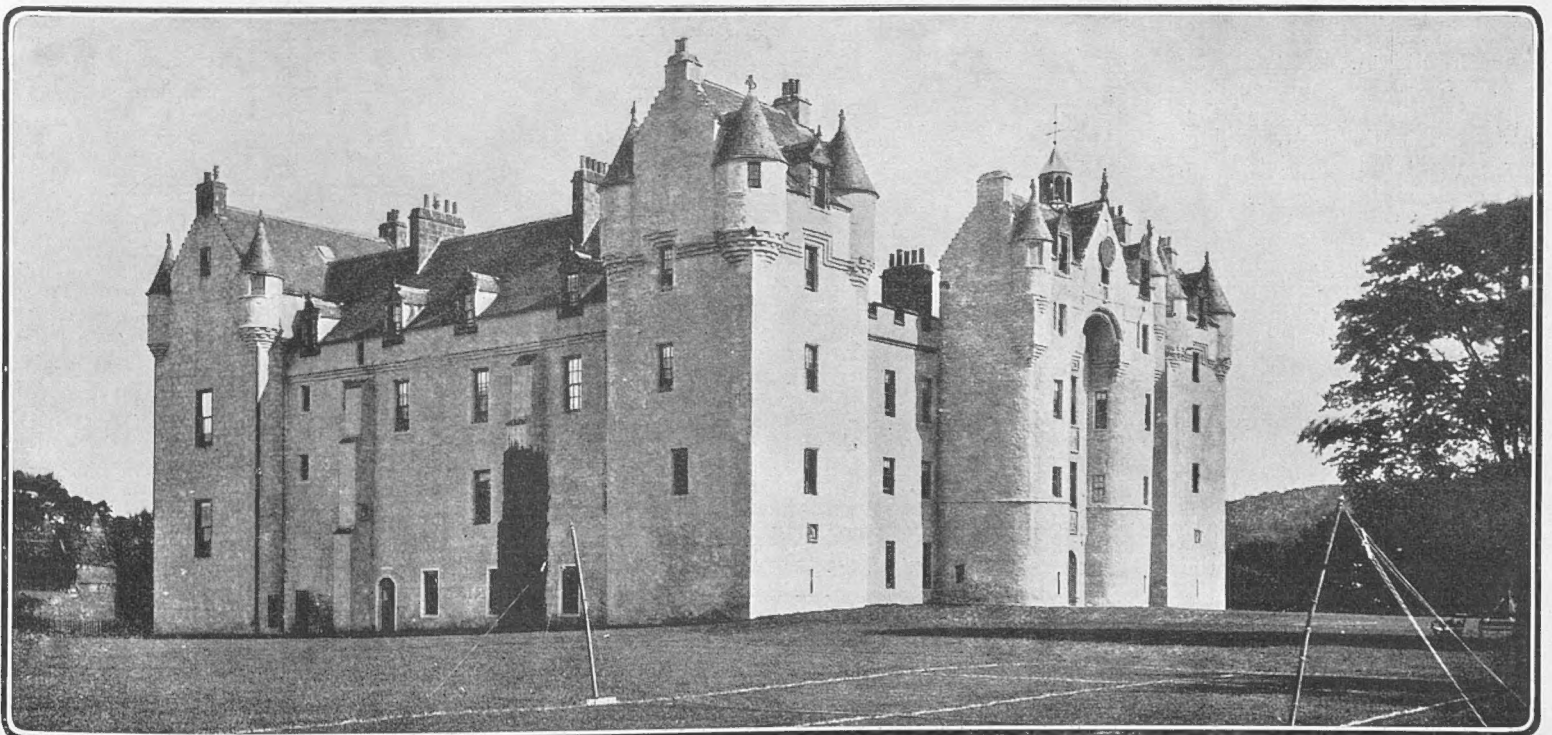
Fyvie Castle.

King Alfonso could not rest his royal head under a more typically Scottish roof than that of Fyvie Castle. Lord Leith's splendid old stronghold first housed a reigning Sovereign in 1297, when Edward I. stayed there. Part of the very ancient portion of the castle is still inhabited, and every stone composing the building is of historic interest. Lord Leith is a keen sportsman, and he rents some of the finest grouse moors belonging to the Duke of Richmond. The fact that his bride was born at Balmoral will lend a special interest to this, the King of Spain's first visit to Aberdeenshire.



HOST OF THE KING OF SPAIN DURING HIS MAJESTY'S FIRST VISIT TO SCOTLAND: LORD LEITH OF FYVIE, NOW ENTERTAINING KING ALFONSO XIII.

Photograph by Russell, Southsea.

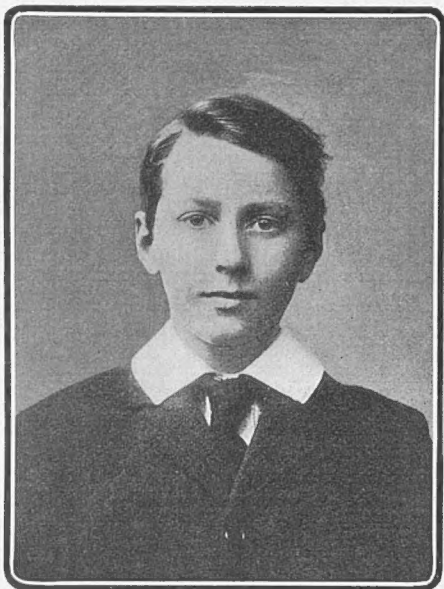


THE SCENE OF THE KING OF SPAIN'S FIRST VISIT TO SCOTLAND: FYVIE CASTLE, ABERDEENSHIRE.

Photograph by J. Valentine.

The Vision of Lourdes.

The pilgrims are pouring in, in greater numbers than ever, to Lourdes. One of the reasons is the fear that the Government is going to close the grotto, to whose waters various miraculous cures are ascribed. You remember the story that has made Lourdes the most famous Catholic centre in the world? A peasant girl, named Bernadette Soubirons, was gathering wood one day, forty-eight years ago, at a spot close to the grotto where the present spring is. A beautiful lady suddenly appeared to her, saying, "There is a spring here. Tell the people to bathe in the fountain and the clergy to build a church." The little girl, surprised, ran to tell her friends. She came again, and again she saw the vision—eighteen times in all. At that moment there was no spring, but, acting under the influence of the apparition, little Bernadette began to rub the ground, and a spring burst forth. From that day to this it has not ceased to supply thousands of gallons of beautiful clear water. The Catholics say it was a miracle and that the lady who appeared to the child was the Virgin Mary. Certain it is that remarkable cures have



SENT DOWN FOR CLIMBING A CHURCH SPIRE: MASTER K. M. WARD.

Master Kenneth Martin Ward is a son of Professor J. Ward, Professor of Mental Philosophy at Cambridge. He climbed the spire of Oundle Church recently, and tied a handkerchief to the weather-vane. For this he has been sent down from Oundle School. He is a very clever boy, and has won a science scholarship at Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

been effected after bathing in the fountain—cures attested by medical opinion. The day of the supernatural is not over, as witness the marvellous case of a young Belgian woman, seven weeks ago. She was afflicted with tubercular disease of the bones and with paralysis. The paralysis has disappeared, allowing her to walk; the symptoms of tuberculosis have been much abated.

The Post-Dated Twelfth.

Poor shooting and worse bags will be laid to the account of the calendar this week. The "glorious Twelfth" is this year the "fatal thirteenth." What superstitious sportsman could hope for success upon so inauspicious a date? Gamblers are the most superstitious creatures in the world; sportsmen come next. This "thirteen" superstition is, of course, all nonsense, but some wonderfully striking coincidences cluster about it. The most tragic known to the present writer occurs in the life of Millais. To the table of the great artist came thirteen to dinner. A lady who had a horror of the number called attention to the fatal size of the company, and the host, willing to ease the mind of the lady, desired one of his sons to take dinner in the drawing-room, and so bring down the number to the ordinary dozen, instead of the baker's. The suggestion was acted upon, but the lady was still sorely perturbed, saying repeatedly that she feared some calamity would result from the gathering.

Was it Coincidence?

Dinner ended, the ladies were about to leave the table, when Matthew Arnold, who was one of the guests, said to the lady of the fears—"Now, the idea is that whoever leaves the table first will die within a year; so, with the permission of the ladies, we will cheat the Fates for once. I and these fine, strong lads (pointing to two other guests) will all rise together, and I think our united

constitutions will withstand the assault of the Reaper." The three men rose, and the ladies left the room. Six months later Arnold, when in the prime of life and apparently in robust health, suddenly died. The second of the three who had risen from the table was found dead in the bedroom of a New York hotel, with a revolver by his side—whether murdered or a suicide no man to this day can say. There remained the last of the adventurous trio. He, it seemed likely, would escape. But no! He was a passenger by the ill-fated *Quetta*, and was returning in her from Australia, whither he had been in search of health. She perished on the rocks which skirt the coast of New Guinea, and there lived no man to tell how died the last of the three who had scoffed at superstition.

Canonising the Church Stove.

held this see. but there were clergy in the diocese who kept him awake o' nights. One of these had had about ten-pennyworth of alterations effected in his church, and solemnly proposed to have a special service for the "dedication of a church stove." It sounds rather a freakish proposition, but the bare suggestion was as nothing compared with the form which the service was to take.

Everything was to have some more or less obvious relation to fire, but fire more consolatory than is sometimes preached. Thus, the hymn was to be the "Veni Creator," chiefly chosen because of the lines—

Thy blessed Unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;

while the lessons and collects would have a bearing upon the topic, and the canticle was to be the "Benedicite," because of the verse, "O, ye Fire and Heat."



THE ONLY MANCHESTER LADY WHO RIDES ASTRIDE: MISS GRESHAM, OF OAK BANK, OLD TRAFFORD.

Photograph by R. Banks.



GENERAL DE NEGRIÉR, THE CHALLENGED, AFTER THE DUEL.

THE JOURNALISTS OF PARIS DO THEIR BEST TO SEE THE FIGHT: THE SCENE OUTSIDE PRINCE MURAT'S HOUSE IN THE RUE DE MONCEAU.

GENERAL ANDRÉ, THE CHALLENGER, AFTER THE DUEL.

MORE BLOODLESS DUELLING: THE NEGRIÉR AND ANDRÉ AFFAIR.

Twice has General de Negriér called General André "liar," and the result has been a duel—one of those bloodless affairs for which Paris is more or less famous. General André is said to have fired once; General de Negriér not at all. Great precautions were taken to outwit the copy-hunting journalists, and the most they could do was to attempt to witness the meeting by peering through the gate of Prince Murat's house, in the grounds of which it took place.

Photographs by Branger.

Our King and the Kaiser. Friedrichshof seems destined to be the place

of important and interesting meetings. It was there, in the splendid mediæval-looking Schloss built by the late Empress Frederick during her widowhood, that King Edward and his Imperial nephew last met on German soil, in 1901; and it is there that they meet again to-day (Wednesday), much to the gratification of all those who would like to see Great Britain and Germany on really cordial terms. Our Sovereign's deep love for the sister who was just a year older than himself was shown again and again during her long and painful last illness, and there is something touching in the thought that his Majesty will now visit Friedrichshof under such very different auspices, for it has become the property of one of the late Empress's younger daughters, Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse. Friedrichshof was built as a memorial of Frederick the Noble; his Empress was a woman of wide culture and rare artistic gifts, and many of the finest apartments in the castle were actually designed by her.

Where the Great Make Holiday.

Tired Titans, whether their fame has been won in the political, social, or scientific arena, seem inclined to take the same kind of holiday year after year. The Prime Minister has been an habitué of Marienbad for many summers; the rest of the Cabinet, with one or two exceptions, hie them to Scotland, as does also the ex-Premier, Mr. Balfour, who is never seen to such advantage as when acting as host to a large party of nephews and nieces at Whittingehame. The fashion of going really further afield, either to the Colonies or America, is, however, growing steadily. Lord and Lady Selborne will entertain quite a number of distinguished home friends and relations in South Africa, and Lord and Lady Grey have already welcomed their honeymoon son and daughter-in-law to Canada. Lord and Lady Aberdeen are making a flying visit to Scotland, in order that they may be present at the Highland welcome given to Lord Haddo and his bride. Everyone connected with

JOINING THE HANDS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY IN FRIENDSHIP.



TO-DAY'S MEETING BETWEEN THE KING AND THE KAISER AT FRIEDRICHSHOF: THE MONARCHS GREETING ONE ANOTHER IN THE GRAND HALL AT FRIEDRICHSHOF IN 1901.

The illustration given above is a reduced version of the drawing of the meeting of the King and the Kaiser at Friedrichshof in 1901, which was published in the *Illustrated London News*. The sketch for this drawing was made by Mr. Melton Prior, the Special Artist of the *Illustrated London News*, by special permission of the King.

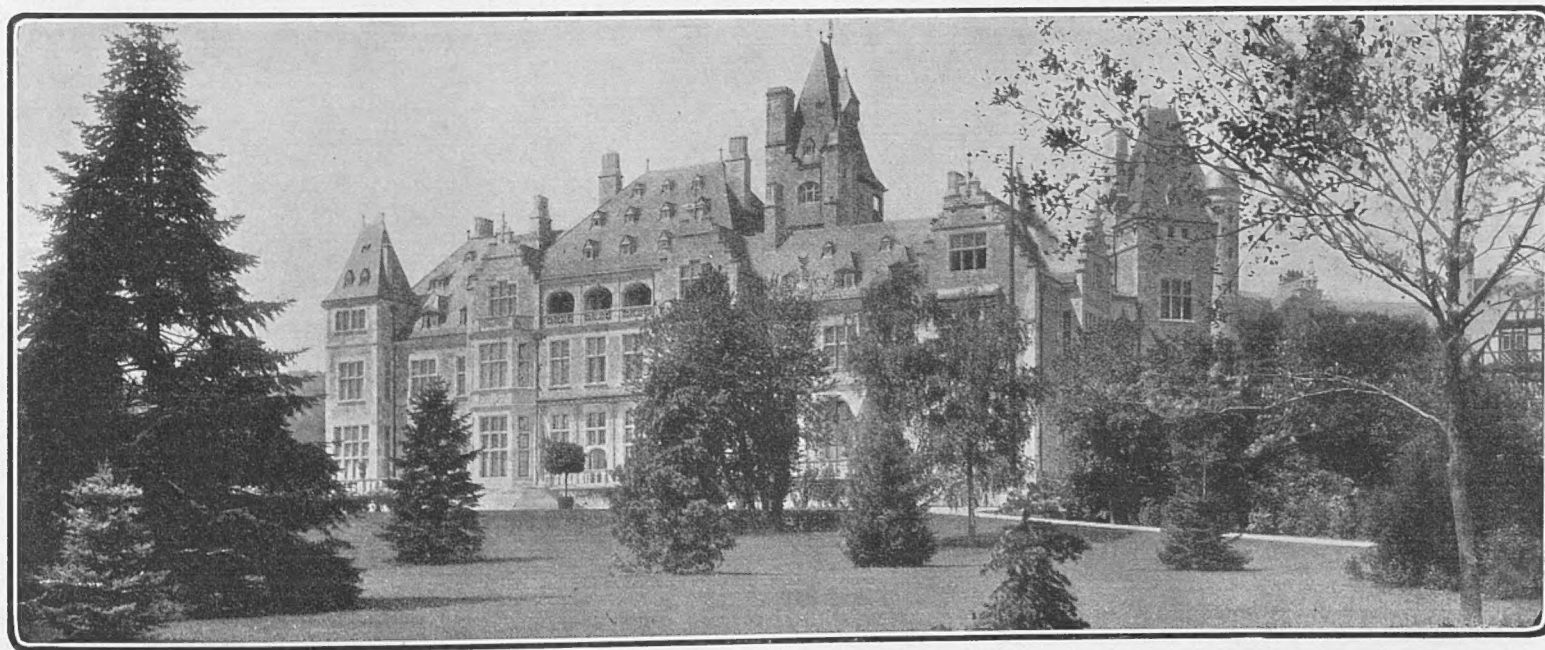
politics must make the best of the next few weeks, for the fact that Parliament is to meet again in October must necessarily cut short many a pleasant house-party.

A Guides' Race up the Matterhorn. The French Zermatt is Cauterets, in the

Pyrenees, at the end of one of the most beautiful valleys in the world. The aspect of the place is very Swiss. The houses, the inhabitants, the guides with their saddle-horses, the pack-mules, recall the great pleasure-ground of Europe. There is the Matterhorn, too, away in the distance, with crest lightly crowned with snow; but in Cauterets they call it the Vignemale. The other Sunday sixty guides raced up to the top of it and back again, and it is 4000 feet above sea-level. The quickest man reached Cauterets in six hours. Then he carried a man twenty-five yards, raised a bag of sand as if hauling an unfortunate tourist from a crevasse, and ran a quarter of a mile like the wind, to show that he is the right man on the mountain in case of an accident. He certainly won his sixteen pounds, which was the first prize. Besides the climbing and the scenery, Cauterets is noted for its sport. Chamois roam the topmost heights—only they are shy cattle, and require a knowing sportsman to bag them. Likewise, there is sulphur in Cauterets, almost more sulphur than in—well, never mind. Here it is put to good use. It cures singer's throat and other things that begin with laryngitis and end in no voice at all.

The Origin of the White Wedding-Dress.

It is safe to say that not one in a thousand of the brides of the past season knew that the first bride to wear a white silk wedding-dress was Queen Mary Stuart. She introduced the fashion in 1558, when she married Francis II. of France, and wore a dress of white brocade, over which, however, she donned a Court mantle of Persian blue velvet, which was held up by two pages. For some time the white robe was only favoured by brides of high rank, and it was not until the end of the seventeenth century that it became at all usual at weddings.



THE FIRST MEETING OF THE KING AND THE KAISER ON GERMAN SOIL SINCE 1901: FRIEDRICHSHOF, THE SCENE OF TO-DAY'S GREETING BETWEEN THE TWO MONARCHS.

Friedrichshof, where the King and the Kaiser meet to-day, is near Cronberg. It was built by the late Empress Frederick, and now belongs to Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse.



THE NEW SPANISH AMBASSADOR TO THIS COUNTRY:
SEÑOR DE VILLAUURUTIA.

Photograph by Freudenthal.

the Dons, and he bears the really imposing name of Wenceslav Ramurez de Villaurrutia. His Excellency, though nearly sixty, is still a young-looking and active man, fond of outdoor sports and life. He formed part of his royal master's suite during King Alfonso's brief "wooing visit" to this country in the spring of 1905, and he speaks our language admirably. Señor de Villaurrutia is a statesman as well as a diplomatist, and in the Villaverde Ministry he occupied the responsible post of Minister for Foreign Affairs. In fact, but for this plunge into political life he would have been appointed Spanish Ambassador to England in 1904.

The New Duke of Rutland.

The latest accession to the small group of wearers of the strawberry-leaves should prove a notable addition to the ducal ranks. As Lord Granby the new Duke of Rutland was perhaps overshadowed by the personality of his beautiful and gifted wife, but even before his father succeeded to the family honours the future owner of Belvoir had made a name for himself as Mr. Henry Manners. Lord Salisbury, one of the shrewdest judges of men, chose him as his private secretary, and this recalls the Duke's one-time quaint nickname of "Salisbury's manners," for never had statesman a more urbane and tactful *alter ego*. Another side of his complex personality concerns his love of sport. As Marquess of Granby he became one of the greatest living authorities on fishing, and he has written well and wisely on this typically British form of killing time (and other things) in an agreeable fashion. It is rumoured, but time alone will tell, that the new Duke no great love for the huge palace known as Belvoir Castle, and that they would much prefer to make

A New pointment of a new Ambassador to the Court of St. James is always something of an event—never more so than when the Embassy is one of those termed in diplomatic language, "Family Embassies." Hitherto these have been those of Denmark, Russia, Greece, and Belgium. The new century, owing to the marriages of two of our King's British nieces, sees two more—Sweden and Spain. The newest Ambassador represents the land of

about the Court, for her father, the late General Lindsay, was a favourite Equerry of Queen Victoria.

Their Graces' Children.

The Duke and Duchess of Rutland have four children—one son, who now becomes Lord Granby, and three daughters, of whom the two eldest may be regarded as among the prettiest and cleverest girls in Society, Lady Marjorie Manners having inherited much of her mother's talent for sculpture and drawing. The new Duchess is interested in every form of art, literary and dramatic, as well as the so-called purely artistic. She has long been intimate with Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, and stood godmother to one of their daughters.



THE NEW DUKE OF RUTLAND, FORMERLY
THE MARQUESS OF GRANBY.

Photograph by Maull and Fox.



THE NEW DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, FORMERLY
THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY.

Photograph by Beresford.

Some Summer Betrothals.

The engagement of Lady Celia Crewe-Milnes, Lord Crewe's youngest twin-daughter, is of considerable interest to Liberal Society, for Lady Celia has often helped her young stepmother, Lord Rosebery's daughter, to do the honours at great political receptions. Lord Crewe's first wife was one of the Grahams of Netherby, a group of sisters noted for their extreme loveliness, and Lady Celia, through her mother, is first cousin to some of the prettiest maids and matrons in Society. Journalism is concerned with yet another important betrothal—that of the young lady who might, perhaps, be styled "the heiress of the *Daily Telegraph*," Miss Dorothy Lawson, to Mr. John Coke. Miss Lawson, who has inherited her mother's beauty, is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lawson, and so granddaughter of Lord Burnham. Mr. Coke is one of the younger sons of that remarkable octogenarian Peer, Lord Leicester, who is descended from the famous "Coke of Norfolk."

An International Marriage.

Windsor Society is much interested in the engagement of Miss Florence Foster, the second daughter of the hospitable owners of Clewer Manor, to Baron Frantz van Heemstra, the eldest son of a distinguished Dutch nobleman, who was *persona grata* at the Court of the Netherlands. Anglo-Dutch alliances though one of those exceptions which the marriage of the great statesman-historian, Mr. Lecky.

An Artistic Duchess.

British Duchesses will now boast two really fine artists in their midst, the one being her Royal Grace of Argyle and the other the new Duchess of Rutland. As is perhaps natural, the two ladies are friends—indeed, Princess Louise was among the first to detect the wonderful artistic gift of Miss Violet Lindsay. Before her marriage to Mr. Henry Manners the future Duchess was much

Eccentric Baths.

At present the fashion is all for sea-bathing, but in more luxurious times salt water was not considered to be at all a fitting liquid for ladies' baths. Poppæa, the wife of Nero, as we were reminded at His Majesty's, used to bathe in asses' milk. Diane de Poitiers used to preserve her beauty by washing in rain-water, and other famous women have used veal broth and champagne in their tubs.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN CLIVE COATES: LADY CELIA
CREWE-MILNES.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



ENGAGED TO BARON FRANTZ VAN HEEMSTRA:
MISS FLORENCE FOSTER.

Photograph by Thomson.

FROM "CASTLES IN SPAIN" TO STAGE JAPAN.



MISS MAY DE SOUSA AS O MIMOSA SAN IN THE REVIVAL OF "THE GEISHA," AT DALY'S.

Photographs by Bassano.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

H.R.H.'s Untamable Gift.

Visitors to the Zoological Gardens probably imagine that they see in the section devoted to the Prince of Wales's collection the whole of the animals his Royal Highness brought back from India. But there was more in that collection than at present meets the eye. Imprisoned at the back of the lion-house is, one of the finest specimens of the lot, a magnificent leopard, which at present the keepers dare not show. It is not for themselves that they fear; they, like the gentleman in the song, have for the most part been "bitten by sharks and by crocodiles too." The fear is for the leopard's self. He stripped the flesh off a man's arm when they were getting him on board ship at Calcutta, and having tried that form of sustenance, is unwilling to accept other. So, if some nice plump boy should appear before his den, he would yearn to possess that boy, and, disappointed, would dash himself to pieces against the bars of his prison. Hence, for the present, he must remain out of sight and eat horse, or take the vegetarian pledge.

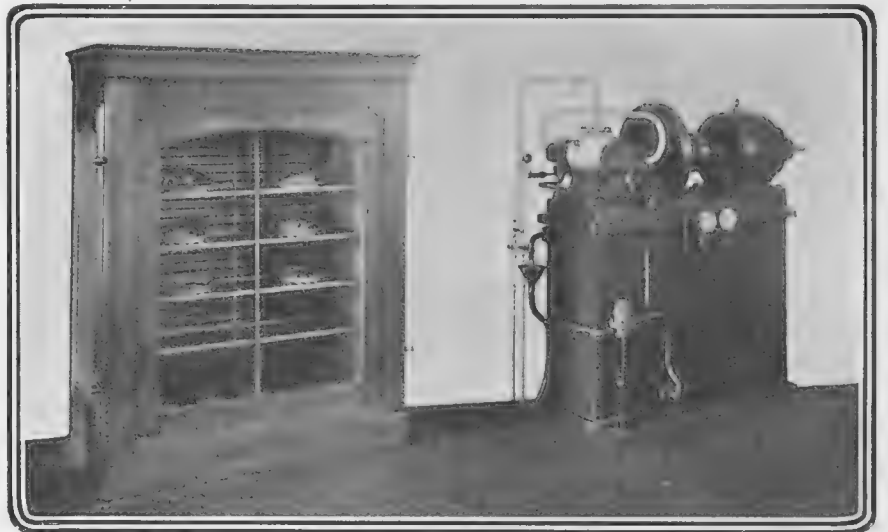
A Bear that Hums Like a Bee, and Another "Zoo" Convict.

This handsome ruffian is in bad company. Hard by his cage is a disreputable bear, a very Ishmael. He is the siren of his native wilds. He hums like any bee, to the intent that makers of honey shall deposit their sweet store in the tree near which he makes his lair; then, having so deceived them, he lopes up and eats the fruit of their labour. He is a loose-skinned gentleman, and encourages his keeper to test the elasticity of his hide, so that at the right moment he may shoot out a paw like grappling-hooks and play havoc with the vitals of his victim. In another pen is a veritable fury: a black leopardess with a growl that resembles a circular saw in action, and talons which work like an automatic punching-machine. The "Zoo" people gave fifty pounds for her, and doubt whether she was a bargain. She recently endowed the Gardens with a litter of her kind, but, repenting of her complaisance, has eaten these, and is willing to add a keeper per diem to her record.

Frugal Fare at the German Court.

In more strenuous days King Edward, as the guest of the German Imperial Family, might have fared less sumptuously than will be the case at this time of day. Bismarck, who had a prodigious appetite, once or twice waxed indignant over the frugal fare at the royal table. "There is seldom any champagne, and in the

debated with myself," he told his faithful Busch, "whether I should take a second portion, although I could easily have eaten four." Hunger overcame his politeness, and he seized a second helping, and let the rest of the guests look after themselves.



COLD STORAGE AT HOME: A LIQUID-AIR REFRIGERATOR.

In ordinary refrigerators, ammonia, sulphuric acid, or brine are compressed and driven through tubes. At a given point the compressed substance is allowed to expand suddenly, and a great lowering of temperature in the pipes is the result, for their heat has been given up to the expanding body. In this refrigerator liquid air takes the place of ammonia etc., and its expansion at a given moment produces the cold. The air is compressed and driven through the tubes by an electrically driven pump shown on the right.

Photograph reproduced by permission of the Berlin Electrical Works.

The Recurrent Cat.

With Parliament "up" the experts who have sent members away believing that the conditions of the House tend inevitably to their early extermination have an opportunity of putting into practice all the theories for the removal of insanitary conditions which science suggests. The palace of Parliament has been so often overhauled that one may be pardoned for wondering whether the horror of the situation does not consist mainly in the names by which the invading microbes are afflicted. For Parliament once spent £13,000 in overhauling drains, only to find that the trouble proceeded from the libation of cabbage-water which it was the habit of a careless maid daily to pour into an open gully. The Foreign Office, too, had a frightful upset over small cause. The presence of evil odours was brought to the notice of the Board of Works, who sent round to have the drains up. An aged labourer was found digging for dear life in one of the corridors. "What are you doing there?" he was asked. "Diggin' for a drain," he answered. "Drain! why, you know there are no drains on this side of the building!" "Yes, Sir, that's so; still, I was told to dig 'ere for 'em," was the reply. When all the digging was done, and the drains examined at great cost, the nuisance was traced to the mouldering remains of a cat which had been imprisoned in a little-frequented room.

Royal Lethal Chambers.

It is amazing that, with all the wealth and brains of the nation at its command, Parliament cannot keep its Houses healthy; but the task appears too much. Our Royal Family has not always been more securely guarded. There came a day within living memory when Buckingham Palace became so notoriously unhealthy that the late Lord Playfair was sent to investigate. He found that a great main sewer ran through the courtyard, that the whole Palace was in untrapped connection with it. Sewer-gas was to be detected in the rooms of the building, while the batteries of kitchen-stoves, burning charcoal fires, were without flues, so that the fumes were carried all over the building. To prove this, Playfair exploded pastilles of gunpowder in the kitchen fires, and the smell, carried immediately to the upper apartments, brought down the Court officials fuming. Parliament never knew how bad the case at the Palace really was, for the report was so sensational that it was deliberately kept back from them.



FOOD FIT FOR A GIANT'S TABLE: A BARROW-LOAD OF HUGE VEGETABLES IN A SOUTH CALIFORNIAN GARDEN.

South California, noted for the beauty of its scenery and for its magnificent climate, produces many "giant" vegetables, notably pumpkins and marrows.

Photograph by Pierce and Co.

matter of food, short commons is the rule," he grumbled. He used to count the cutlets available, and find that the supply would yield one for each guest, and no "follow." The crucial trial came one day when rabbit appeared upon the board. "I



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



THE HAPPY FAKIR: A HERMIT AT HOME.

The fakir here shown is a striking contrast to many of his brethren, who, under the influence of spiked bed or eccentric pose, often look anything but happy.



BUILT BY A ONE-ARMED POSTMAN.

This house was built by the one-armed postman seen standing by it. He was unaided in his work, so it may safely be said that his achievement constitutes a record.



A MONKEY IN SPECTACLES.

The monkey was operated upon for cataract at Breslau, and has now been supplied with spectacles. The patient is apparently not in the least inconvenienced by his "glasses."



A TRAIN 834 FEET LONG: A SPECIAL "COTTON-TRAIN" AT KAHR-ZAYAT.

Our photograph shows a unique special "cotton-train" at Kafr-Zayat, on the Egyptian Delta Light Railway. Although the railway has a gauge of only 2 ft. 5½ in. (as against the British standard gauge of 4 ft. 8½ in.), and the locomotive was a six-wheeled tank engine, weighing, when in working order, only 25½ tons, the total length of the train was no less than 834 ft. The weight of the cotton transported—en route for Manchester—was 240 tons, and as the twenty-seven wagons of the train had an aggregate "tare" weight of an additional 150 tons, the total load hauled by the engine was no less than 390 tons.

Photograph supplied by F. C. Coleman.

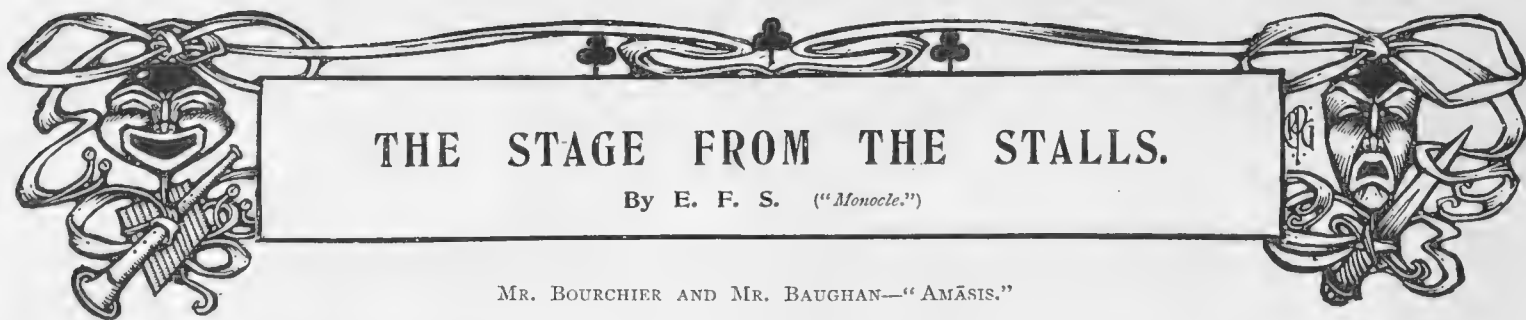


TRAINING CANINE "V.C.s" IN FRANCE: THE DUMMY IS FORMALLY INTRODUCED TO THE DOG.



TRAINING CANINE "V.C.s" IN FRANCE: DUMMY AND DOG BECOME BETTER ACQUAINTED.

The French river police have a corps of dogs trained to save drowning people. The canine "V.C.s" are taught their work by means of dummies whose business it is to be rescued.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

MR. BOURCHIER AND MR. BAUGHAN—"AMĀSIS."

THE hot weather seems to have given Mr. Arthur Bouchier a yearning for hot water. I have been reading a modest disclaimer by him of the proud title of "dramatist," in which he makes a shot at some members of my craft by a hit at the "author-critics." Not content with this, there is the quarrel with Mr. Max Beerbohm and the hubbub concerning the exclusion of Mr. Baughan from the Garrick Theatre; and we have in addition Mr. William Archer's open letter on the topic, in which he announces his determination to pay for his seat at Mr. Bouchier's first nights in the future. All this sounds very mild compared with the announcement in a cutting sent to me from America, I do not know by whom. Mr. James Metcalfe is said to be suing twenty-seven managers of leading New York theatres for £54,000 damages, because they have excluded him from their playhouses on account of the severity of his opinions. I believe that "W. A." is the most stage-struck of us, and also the least mercenary; but I fancy that even he would welcome an exclusion from the London theatres if he could get £54,000 worth of damages. Some of us are even more modest, and would be quite willing to consider 54,000 dollars instead of pounds. I have not heard yet what is the result of Mr. Metcalfe's actions, which seem to be based upon something like conspiracy; and in the English Courts, the famous case of the Mogul S.S. Co. and that of Allen and Flood would be a fearful obstacle to the success of the plaintiff. Mr. Archer deplores the fact that there is no cohesion amongst the critics, who will not take concerted action for the benefit of Mr. Baughan. A little while ago I received a circular concerning the proposed formation of a Critics' Club, one of the objects of which would be to enable us to act together. Apparently, the scheme was stillborn.

As to the merits of the Baughan-Bouchier quarrel, I know nothing. The newspaper accounts have been by no means harmonious. However, the much-esteemed critic of the *Daily News* is only undergoing the treatment from which most of us have suffered at some time or other; even a writer like my humble self, whose ink-pot contains nothing more bitter than honey, has suffered exclusion from the "hospitality" of more than one theatre because of some remarks that fell below Mr. Pinero's noble standard of "praise, praise, praise"; but I have found, and so, probably, will Mr. Baughan, that the matter only means a little holiday and that the ban will be removed without his being compelled to do penance in white sheets or with wax candles. Of course, it is not very pleasant to be criticised sharply.

I understand that in the case of Mr. Baughan, silence was the crime, and one may modify Hamlet's phrase and say, "The worst is silence." Mr. Bouchier's attitude seems hardly logical: if he is

aggrieved by Mr. Baughan's silence in the past, why compel him to silence in the future? He can hardly imagine that a paper like the *Daily News* will change its critic because he is denied the hospitality of one London theatre. Of course, the matter would become serious if the managers were to combine. I almost wish they would, for such a course of action might induce the editors to consider the question of working together; and without disparagement of the theatres, or denial of the fact that the public takes great interest in the playhouses and players—more interest, alas! than in the drama itself—I

can say with confidence that a conspiracy of silence on the part of the newspapers against a particular theatre and a refusal to accept its advertisements would soon force it to its knees, for the cost of any other method of publicity sufficient to make up for the effect of silence in the newspapers would be prohibitive. Not even "Charley's Aunt" could have held out in London if "sent to Coventry" by the journals of the Metropolis.

It is pleasant to see that "Amāsis" had a very favourable reception, for Mr. Louis Calvert, the new manager; Mr. F. Fenn, the author; and Mr. Michael Faraday, as composer, have worked honestly together to produce a real comic opera, compact, coherent, and intelligent; and their reward was hearty applause followed by favourable notices. The comparison made by some with Gilbert and Sullivan's works is unjust; if they are to be flung in the teeth of all newcomers, comic opera will expire. Certainly we had a quaint story, plenty of comic incident, some clever, pretty music, and no "cake-walk," no interpolated songs, no irrelevant incidentals. Mr. Fenn may not be a born writer of verse, but his lyrics have real comic ideas, and his story about the Prince who killed a sacred Egyptian cat, if a little too self-centred, has many humours. Mr. Faraday's work shows a genuine sense of the comic in music, and is excellent in style, if not notable for invention of melody; perhaps its best feature lies in the way in which the composer catches the spirit of the song or situation.

An excellent company has been engaged. Miss Ruth Vincent as the pretty Egyptian Princess, Amāsis, was quite charming; and Miss Madge Vincent represented the second female part very agreeably. It is a weakness that there is some lack of important parts for the ladies. Mr. Rutland Barrington was in his best form. Mr. Herbert Ross amused the audience as the Court Embalmer. Mr. Norman Salmond hardly had a full chance, but made the most of his work; Mr. W. Mitton sang excellently as the unselfish lover of the Princess, and shows some idea of acting; and Mr. Roland Cunningham played with spirit in the part of the Prince who killed the cat. Some praise also is due to Mr. de Frece for a comic performance as Keeper of the Crocodiles.



THE FUTURE SARAH BERNHARDT? Mlle. BARJAC.

Not for many long years have the grave and reverend signiors who sit in judgment on the fair pupils of the Paris Conservatoire enjoyed such a treat as that provided by the acting of Mlle. Barjac. This brilliant girl has carried off the double prize for Tragedy and Comedy, and good judges declare that in her the French stage may look for a new Rachel, Bernhardt, and Bartet combined! Mlle. Barjac has been devoted to the stage from babyhood, and so her parents, not altogether willingly, allowed her to enter the Conservatoire. There for the last three years she has studied with the best actors and actresses as teachers, and the result has surprised none of those who have watched her increasing mastery of her art. Now the ball is at her feet. She can pick and choose, for every Parisian manager is eager to secure her services. If she be wise she will probably enter the Comédie Française, and make her debut on the classic stage trodden by all the great French players in turn. But there, alas! she cannot hope to be at once given a "star" part. Such is not the rule of "la Maison."—(Photograph by Manuel.)

Spirits of Wine.



V.—SPARKLING MOSELLE.

DRAWN BY FRANK HAVILAND.

THE 'BUS AS A SANATORIUM.



OLD LADY (*with distressing cough*): Full inside, Conductor?
CONDUCTOR: Yes'um. Open-air cure only.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

BRITISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

(A CONTINUATION OF "THE GENTLE ART OF CATCHING THINGS.")



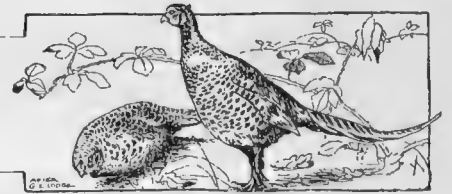
V.—GATHERING WHITING IN THE YARMOUTH ROADS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

*The Grouse, the Sheep, and the Farmer.*

I suppose that most careful tenants of grouse-moors have had occasion to regret the fact that mutton is still a popular dish, and that all the efforts of New Zealand and Australia have not succeeded in checking the home trade in sheep. If a man farms his own land and shoots over his own moors, he can, of course, secure fair play for himself; and if he chance to have unlimited means and can rent a very highly priced moor, he may be fairly sure that sheep will not be allowed to spoil it. On the other hand, parts of Wales, the North of England, and Scotland hold many small moors and grouse-hills that are let at a rental that does not reach three figures by farmers who are well versed in the gentle art of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. Their object in life is to let the moor feed as many sheep as it possibly can, and yield the highest price when grouse are ready for the gun. That the policy is short-sighted and absurd does not matter in the least. The farmer's father did it before him, and his grandfather would have done it if the moor had had any shooting value. If you tell him that he is sacrificing his grouse to his sheep, and ask him to compare the profit of grouse-land that fetches in rent anything from seven-and-sixpence to a sovereign per brace of birds and sheep-land that yields comparatively little profit, he will listen to what you say, and will probably continue his old practices. Half-a-crown of present profit is worth a sovereign next year to this wise man.

The Sheep v. the Moor.

The harm that sheep do to a moor is, of course, very considerable. Their appetite is endless, and they will eat parts of a moor right out of condition. Then, too, for some reason—I will not pretend to explain—they seem to encourage the growth of grass, as opposed to the growth of heather. I have noticed over and over again on moorland to which sheep have unrestricted access that a small patch of grass will show a distinct tendency to spread and to improve in quality, while the surrounding heather goes off altogether. Then, too, careless farmers, and dishonest ones, will think nothing of turning their sheep on to the moor when the birds are pairing, and then the grouse will not hesitate to seek some other place where he and his mate may nest quite undisturbed. Some keepers will tell you, too, that sheep on the moor result in tapeworm for the grouse, and—though this is another point for which I have never been able to get a quite satisfactory explanation—the statement crops up year after year and is an article of faith with many who have charge of moorland. Of course, the number of sheep allowed on some moors is fixed by agreement, but a farmer who is not troubled with many scruples is not troubled by an agreement, and it often happens in remote country districts where sheep

Of course, in a few years the farmer defeats his own ends: his moor shows a result that becomes smaller and smaller, and in the end he finds no tenants, and learns too late the very different value between heather that serves sheep and heather that rears grouse.



VERY LIKE A BIRD! A PARROT-LIKE CUCUMBER.

The cucumber here illustrated is certainly, as its owner claims, singularly like a parrot. It was grown in the greenhouse of Mr. O. H. Peacock, Colchester.—[Photograph supplied by O. H. Peacock.]

A Word to the Tenant.

It is impossible to lay too much stress upon the necessity of finding the last tenant of any shooting it is proposed to hire. Many a place looks well and is calculated to tempt the newcomer: the appearance of the country is excellent, birds are seen in fair numbers, the district may be noted for some sporting quality or other, the landlord may be fairly spoken and may, indeed, be quite an honest man; but for all that, five minutes with the man who had the shooting last will be worth half a day spent in examining the ground and talking to the landlord. If the last tenant cannot be found, if the landlord has lost his address or he has gone abroad or he is quoted as a disreputable person whose evidence is prejudiced and valueless, the shoot is one that it is perfectly safe to leave alone. In a large majority of cases, where no reference to the last tenant is possible, there is something distinctly unsatisfactory. Perhaps the land is overrun with vermin, perhaps it is overstocked with sheep, perhaps the heather is old or the moor is badly placed and cold. Whatever the fault, the inquirer may be fairly sure that one exists; and as the shooting season in Scotland is limited for most men to a brief six weeks or two months, and the land in its most critical season is left to a purely local supervision, it is impossible to take too much care.

The Canny Scot.

Perhaps there is a little psychological aspect that may be noted in this matter. The Scot at the best of times has a very small regard for the business capacity of the Southerner: he does not take him altogether seriously. As an agriculturist, the Scot knows that he and his brethren have descended upon farms that have starved out successive generations of Englishmen and have made them profitable and productive. He cannot quite understand, too, why men who have plenty of shooting in the south of England should be prepared to pay huge prices to come up and shoot grouse; and, though he accepts prevailing conditions with extreme satisfaction and tries even to develop them, I do not believe he thinks any better of the Southerner for paying such a lot for such a little. By the time the Southerner has crossed the Border on his way home, it is exceedingly likely that his landlord will have forgotten his existence—but the sheep are facts. He sees them every day; he has no special knowledge, too, of the nature of grouse and the conditions that prevail on his own moors, and does not realise the urgent need of proper restrictions; so, between a departure from the most rigid lines of honest dealing and a large measure of natural ignorance, the grouse fare badly. When a tenant makes complaints, he is regarded as a disagreeable, not to say ridiculous, person who expects farmers to depart from their established order of work for the sake of a man who only comes to the land to shoot.



DEALING WITH THE AMERICAN WEARY WILLIE: A CHAIR-PRISON FOR TRAMPS, USED IN MAINE, U.S.A.—[Photograph supplied by Nops.]

are raised that a farmer, having a long way to travel to the market, will pass the night on a farm belonging to a friend on the road. It is not at all unlikely that the moor will be placed at the service of the flock, with results that are simply disastrous to the shooting tenant.

THE GAME FOR THE GARDEN.



PICTORIAL SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CROQUET-PLAYER.

Copyright photographs by Reinhold Thiele.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IT is fourteen years since Ernest Renan died, and now the intellectual world is awaiting the publication of his early notes. They were prepared about the age of twenty-two, and are contained in nine volumes, which deal with religion, philosophy, history, and life. They were never intended for publication, but were jotted down from day to day as they came into the writer's mind. Renan's daughter has resolved to give to the world these notes unchanged. Miss Alys Hallard, in the *Independent Review*, says that though there is no attempt to polish the form, the language is frequently picturesque, and expressive words are used which for the profound thought embodied in them are singularly quaint in their simplicity. She traces an essential consistency in Renan's long career. The notes now printed embody the germ of his whole philosophy.

The specimens which Miss Hallard has been allowed to print confirm her statements. They show that Renan was always concerned with theology, and that the love of home was his strongest feeling. He expresses it sometimes, and in fact frequently, in terms belonging to French sentimentalism rather than to English sobriety, but not without their own charm, nevertheless. When he went first to Paris he wrote in his note-book: "Oh, how I wish that I were accustomed to the 'mechanism' of poetry, so that I could compose a little elegy-ode to the swallow that has its nest over there in Brittany by my mother's window! Whilst brooding over its young, it sees my mother sad at not having her children with her; and it knows all she says to herself and all that she does. Ah, stay there, stay there, little bird; do not leave that sweet, peaceful home. Do not come to Paris. Oh, how beautiful it must be to be a swallow! It clings to people without understanding them; it is in *contubernium* with them, without entering into their artifices and their schemes—like those birds with their nests under the eaves and in the chimneys of the Tuileries. It is poetic. But my little swallow belongs to the family. Mother loved it so much, was interested in all the details of its nest. Who knows if some bad boy has not taken it away from her? Ah, poor mother!" Some will like this; some will loathe it. It is, in any case, characteristic. Renan's literary power was such that his books will not easily be forgotten, whatever may happen to his theories. It is worth noting that Mr. A. L. Humphreys has just added to his beautiful library of reprints Renan's "Life of Jesus."

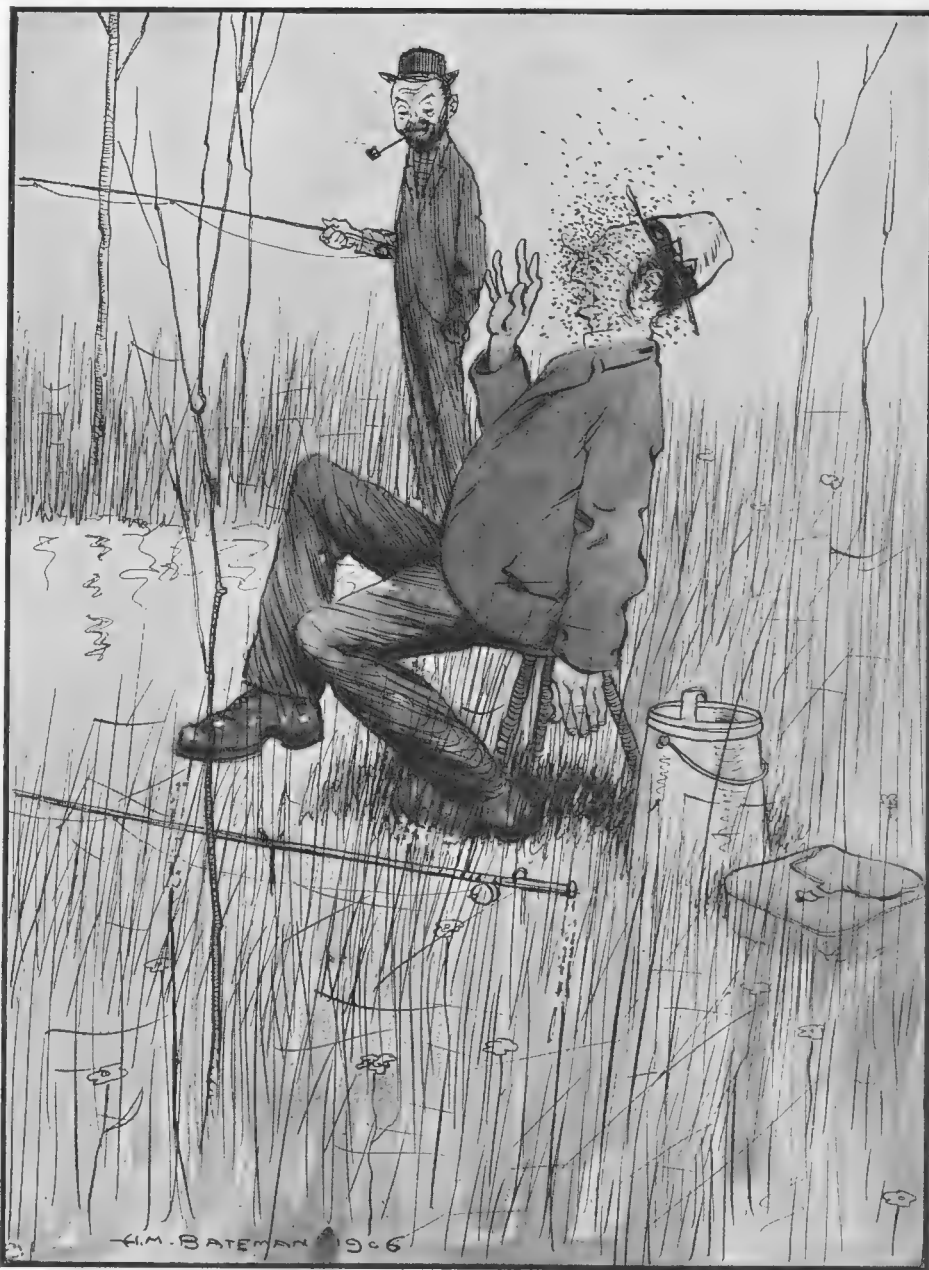
Professor Saintsbury contributes to the *Bookman* a long and very able study of Walter Pater. He thinks that Pater cannot easily be understood, save by an Oxford man. Though he knew Pater, he thinks his personal acquaintance did not help him to the comprehension of his work nearly so much as the fact that they had similar experiences at Oxford. Dr. Saintsbury places the period as that of the late 'fifties, the whole of the 'sixties, and the very early 'seventies

more loosely. Pater entered in the year 1858, when there was an extraordinary welter of interests and influences. In such a time there are hardly more than two lifebelts which will keep you fully in the swim, and at ease in it. The one is mere intellectual understanding, and the other is an intelligent enjoyment. Pater was attracted to the latter, and, indeed, made it something like a philosophy. "The perfecting, refining, illuminating of interest in things—that is the true Paterism." Of Pater's essay on "Style," Dr. Saintsbury says again that it is one of the few capital documents on the subject. He thinks that Pater's method is essentially sound, and that the interest in his work is increasing and is bound still further to increase.

I am glad to hear that at last, after more than thirty years, a life of Shirley Brooks is to be written. He was the brightest, perhaps, of a very bright circle of journalists best chronicled in Edmund Yates's excellent and entertaining reminiscences. But even Yates scarcely perceived the extraordinary talent of his friend. A journalist from early years, Shirley Brooks did his best work in *Punch* and in the *Illustrated London News*. Though he was only four years editor of *Punch*—from 1870 to 1874—his connection with the paper began as long ago as 1851, and he was one of the wittiest and kindest of all the contributors. When he died *Punch* said of him: "Few men have ever brought to the hard service of the Periodical Press more natural intelligence, a mind better equipped for its work, a more self-sustaining purpose to do the best in all he attempted, and a more loyal determination to render true and due service in all he took in hand." Much excellent work, especially in fiction, proves the truth of this estimate, and Shirley Brooks' letters should be very well worth reading.

Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. announce the publication of the Knutsford Edition of Mrs. Gaskell's books in eight

volumes. There will be an introduction to each volume, in addition to a biographical introduction to the first volume by Dr. A. W. Ward, Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, and it is stated that Dr. Ward has received the kind assistance of the Misses Gaskell. Unfortunately Mrs. Gaskell expressed a desire that her biography should not be written, and her daughters have felt themselves bound to respect this wish. They have not sanctioned the publication of any letters, though a few have escaped into print. If they have seen their way to give special assistance to Dr. Ward, who wrote the notice of Mrs. Gaskell in the "Dictionary of National Biography," many readers will be pleased. Of Mrs. Gaskell George Sand said: "Mrs. Gaskell has done what neither I nor other female writers in France can accomplish: she has written novels which excite the deepest interest in men of the world, and yet which every girl will be better for reading." I understand that a complete edition of Mrs. Gaskell's works will also be in the World's Classics. Why does nobody take Mrs. Oliphant in hand? Her day may come, as Trollope's day has come. O. O.

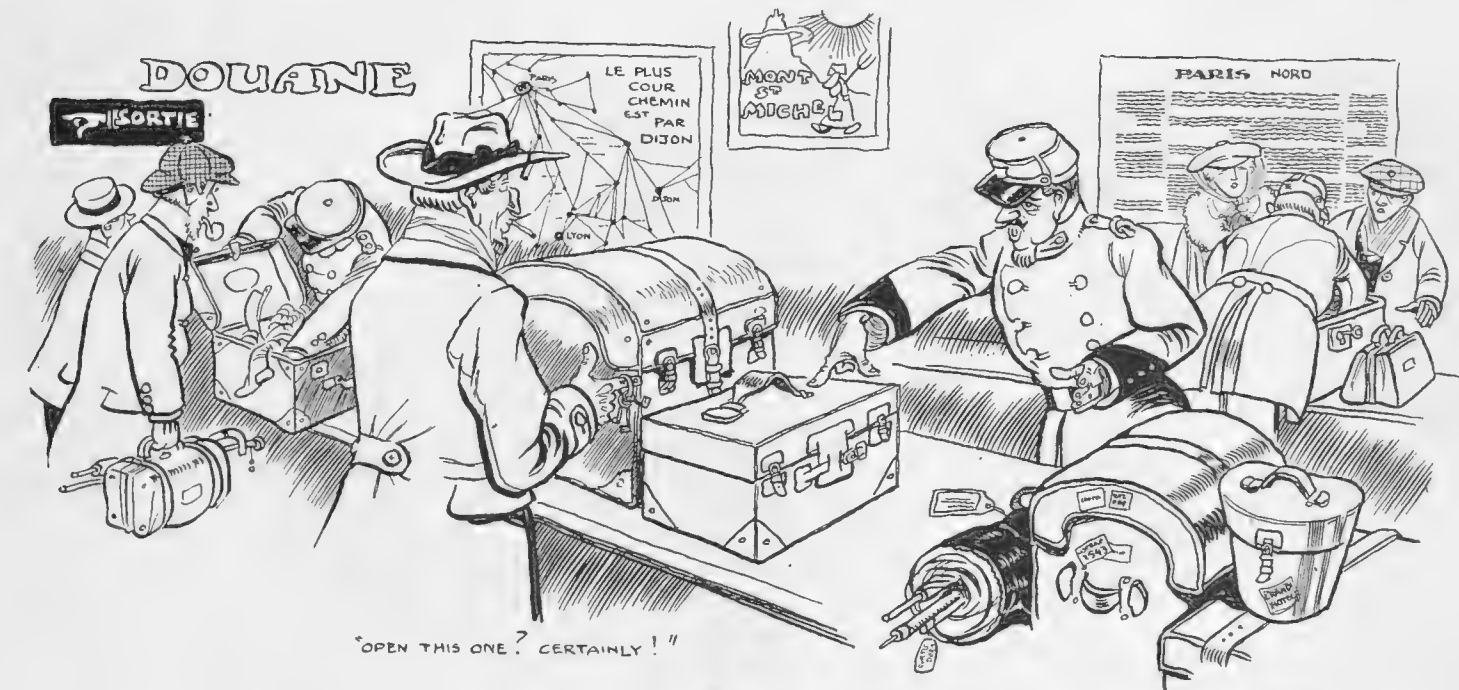


THE PLEASURE OF SPORT.

[DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.]

UNHAPPY, NON-SMOKING ANGLER: Haven't got such a thing as a fly-paper about you, have you?

GREAT SNAKES!



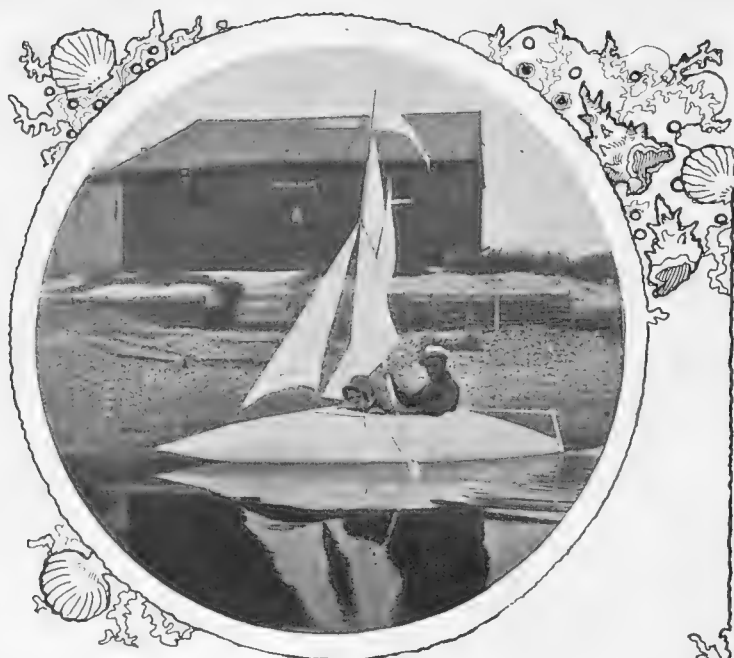
"AND AFTER ALL GENTLEMEN! IT'S A VERY HARMLESS CONTRIVANCE, BUT IT HAPPENS TO BE MY CIGAR CASE, MAY I OFFER YOU ONE?"

SAM AND THE CIGAR SNAKE: A TALE OF THE CUSTOMS.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

A SAILING-BOAT FOR 25/-

HOW TO MAKE IT.



THE 25/- BOAT FOR THREE AFLOAT.



THE BOAT UNDER CONSTRUCTION, SHOWING THE FRAMEWORK OF HOOPS.

"A BOAT—two months' pleasure—for twenty-five shillings!"—so says a French writer describing the construction of the little pleasure-vessel illustrated on this page, and his exclamation mark is certainly justified. "The secret of making it?" he continues. "As simple as it is practical. Two principles must be the guides in construction—lightness and economy. Barrel-hoops meet the former requirement. By doing the work *in propria persona* the second is fulfilled. A keel 10 in. high is sawn out along an arc having a rise of 3 1-5 in. On this keel a ribbon of wood 4 in. wide is fixed, accurately fitting its shape. Holes are pierced in the keel at eight inches distance from each other, and through these the hoops, which must be carefully steeped in water first, to make them more flexible, are passed. They are fixed to the ribbon of wood. Rods placed crosswise prevent these 'ribs' or frames from bending. On this framework laths are applied, and these will carry the canvas, for your boat will be covered with canvas, made waterproof by means of two coats of boiled linseed-oil. Then two coats of paint will completely guarantee its water-tightness. In order to ensure stability, lead will be fixed to the keel.



FITTING THE WATER-PROOF CANVAS TO THE FRAME.

A boat of this kind will go very well under sail. Now, a piece of advice. You must arm yourself against sarcasm. Tell yourself, above all, that you are a genius, and that genius cannot be supplied to order. Your revenge will be so much the greater when, on your trial trips, you invite one person, or even two persons, to enter your cruiser yacht lying gracefully on the water, to the open-mouthed astonishment of the sceptical wags who have come to witness the subversion of your dreams—and your yacht. The cost is—

Wood ..	8s. 4d.
17 feet (about) of canvas, and sundries ..	8s. 4d.
Paint and oil ..	8s. 4d.
Total ..	25s. 0d."

The craft will carry three.



BAILING OUT.



OILING AND PAINTING THE BOAT.

"WHAT IS ONE AMONG SO MANY?"



THE BREAD-WINNER.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

PRIEST AND MAN.

BY J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.



CLONEGAM
WELL
stands up the
road from
Clonegam vil-
lage, and the
girls come up
there to draw
water. Now
and again one
of the boys
comes up

there, too, and there will be flirting and laughing and splashing of the water about. In the mornings, when all the village wants water, there will be quite a crowd around the pump. But in the evenings, maybe there will be but a single girl there; and if a boy is looking for that one—why, then, there will be two.

Two there were by the pump on a fine June evening. The sun was setting over the wooded hills of Lord Portkill's estate, and its last rays lit up Eileen Riley's forehead as she stood beside her empty bucket at the well. She was the prettiest colleen about Clonegam—or, for that matter around all the country—and well young Shamus McCarty, who was looking at her, knew that same. The sun lit up her face and her clear blue eyes, and the fair hair that clustered like fine strands of gold thread about her forehead. Shamus was a fine lad himself, tall, and well set up, and with a glint of mischief in his eye that told that he was as ready as another for a bit of fun when it came his way; but just now, as he was looking at the girl, his face was not mischievous at all; but he was staring at her as she looked away into the sunset as though the light had been a halo around her head, and she one of the blessed saints in Heaven.

"Arrah, Eileen!" he said at last. "Is it in dreams ye are, that ye haven't a word to throw at me? Sure what's the use of looking at the sky, seeing that it's so far away? We'll come to it in time if all they say is true. And in the meantime just be content to look at me as I'm lookin' at you, and we'll make the earth a happy enough place, I'll engage."

The girl drew her eyes down from the golden sky and looked at him with a smile.

"'Tis beautiful!" she said simply, "I couldn't help lookin'."

"'Tis like a saint ye are when ye look like that," he said, "there's times I'm frightened at ye."

She laughed and blushed.

"Is it frightened at me?" she said shyly. "I'm not one to frighten anyone, am I now?"

"Not when ye look as ye do now," he said promptly, putting his arm around her. "But, Eileen, when are ye going to say what I want to hear ye say? When is it to be?"

Her forehead clouded and she looked at him with troubled eyes.

"Oh Shamus!" she cried, "how can it be? Ye know ye're only labourin' at present. And my father wants me to marry Tim Hagan. Ye know his father has a farm of his own and is a warm man, and can afford to put down a good round sum with his son."

"But ye wouldn't marry Hagan, would ye?" he asked anxiously. "Sure, Eileen, I know I'm not good enough for ye and Hagan is the richer man. But he's not the better man, or I'm mistaken. He'd be a bitter man to live with, would Tim Hagan."

"You know I wouldn't think of it," she said shyly, "but how will we get Father Rylan to marry us, and me without my father's consent? Sure ye know he wouldn't do it. It's the big wedding fee he'll be wanting from me father, and do you think he would be going without it?"

Shamus scratched his head, endeavouring to think of a way out of the difficulty. As he did so he saw a man coming up the road from the village, and his face darkened as he recognised Tim Hagan.

Like himself, the newcomer was tall and dark, but his expression was heavy and brooding. His dark eyes were deeply set in his face,

and his thin lips gave a hint of both self-control and cruelty. He frowned as he saw the two who stood together by the well, and he stopped in front of them, biting a straw that he held between his teeth.

"God save ye, Eileen Riley," he said, "sure ye're out late after the water?"

"God save ye, Tim Hagan," she replied, "and why wouldn't I be, and my mother wantin' it?"

"Aye," he said sarcastically, "and ye'll keep her wantin', I dare say. The devil a drop of water there is in that bucket, or I'm mistaken."

Eileen flushed; for the guess had been a shrewd one. She did not answer, but Shamus spoke up.

"And what is it to ye whether there's water in the bucket or not?" he asked, "unless ye're thinking of drawing it for her."

Tim Hagan blazed up. All the suppressed passion in his heart leaped into his face and stared from his eyes.

"What is it to me, Shamus McCarty?" he said tensely. "Why, then, I'll tell ye! 'Tis a bitter thing to me to see the girl that's promised me in marriage trappin' about the country talking to a man like you. 'Tis I that have the right to complain, and maybe I'll be seeing Mr. Riley about it."

"I'm not promised to you," flashed out Eileen indignantly.

"Your father swore it," said Hagan, meeting her glance firmly.

"But I did not," replied the girl proudly.

"Pooh!" he said, lowering his voice and smiling scornfully. "Girls talk that way, I know; but when was it that they didn't do as their parents bid them, in the end?"

"Here's one that won't," cried Eileen, "when they bid me to marry the man I don't love and leave him that I do!"

"Him that ye do?" sneered Hagan, looking at Shamus.

"And what have ye to say to me?" cried Shamus. "Faith, if ye say much, I'll show ye which is the better man! Harken, now!" he cried, his face alight with an idea. "Will ye fight me now, and here, and the one that loses fairly is to quit the county in a week? Is it a match, now, or are ye feared?"

"Feared!" exclaimed Hagan, his temper rising. "No, I'll fight ye as ye say. 'Twill be a good thing to have you out of the way, at any rate."

Eileen interposed a protest, but neither of the men took much heed of it. Their blood was up, and they would have fought even if the challenge thrown out by Shamus had not added an additional incentive. They stripped off their coats and stood watchful and ready to close.

"Mind," said Hagan, "him that loses leaves the county."

"Leaves the county," echoed Shamus. He dashed in and closed, and the two men wrestled up and down the road. Eileen stood beside the fountain, looking at them with horror. And yet she could not but feel a certain fascination in their swaying bodies, a certain admiration for the strength which they were both exerting. She had always credited Hagan with strength; he was a large-boned man, and gave the impression of power. But she had never thought that Shamus had the force he was now displaying. He struggled desperately, and for a time he held his own. Then there came a grunt of satisfaction from Hagan, a cry from Shamus, and a moment later the latter was flung heavily to the ground, whilst Hagan stood over him, daring him to rise.

"Have ye had enough?" asked Hagan.

Shamus looked up. There was no chance of escape from the position he was in, and he was bruised and shaken.

"I've had enough," he said sullenly, and rose to his feet. All his gaiety was gone from him. His shoulders drooped, and he was a different man.

"Ye are a man of yer word," said Hagan. "Within a week's time ye'll leave the county?"

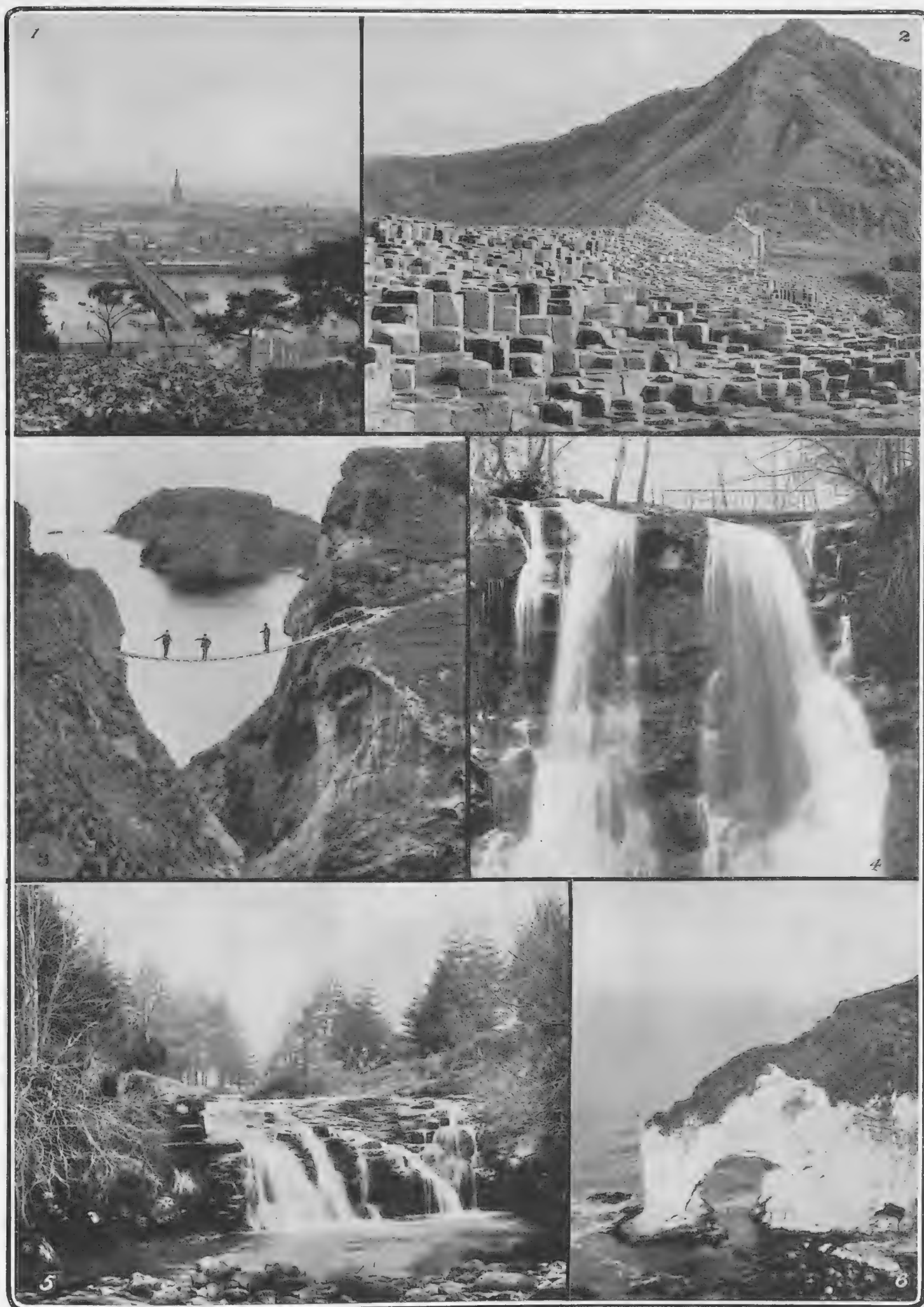
"I will," said Shamus. He turned desperately to Eileen.

"Ye see how it is, my dear," he said. "I fought and done me best, but he's the better man. I'll say good-bye to ye now, and I'll start for Tippéráry to-morrow. Me heart is sore this day."

[Continued overleaf.]

TRIPS FOR THE TIRED TOWNSMAN.—III.

IRELAND—BY A NEW ROUTE.



1. LONDONDERRY, AND THE RIVER FOYLE.

3. THE FAMOUS ROPE BRIDGE AT CARRICK-A-REDE.

5. UPPER PARKMORE FALL, GLENARIFF.

2. THE GRAND CAUSEWAY, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, FROM THE SEA.

4. ESS-NA-CRUB, GLENARIFF, CO. ANTRIM.

6. THE WISHING ARCH, WHITE ROCKS, PORTRUSH.

(See Article on Second Ladies' Page.)

The girl was looking at him with mingled indignation and pity. But when he ceased she broke out—

"Indeed, and it's ye that deserve to lose me, thinkin' that I'd be a prize for the winner of ye, and me not a word to say for meself! Shamus McCarty, ye'll have to learn more about a girl than that if ye don't want to be laughed at. Ye'll go to Tipperary ye say. Very well, I'll go too. We'll find a priest there to marry us, I'll engage. And sure, Mr. Hagan can stay here as he has a right to do, him having won the fight."

Both men stared at her, but Shamus was the first to speak.

"I should have known it," he said. "Eileen, I'm not fit to speak to ye."

But Hagan stood for a moment in moody silence, looking first at Shamus and then at Eileen.

"I give ye back your word," he said slowly to Shamus. "Stay here and welcome. Ye'll not be troubled with me. Oh, but a girl's heart is the quare thing! Where she loves 'tis soft beyond words to tell, and where she doesn't, the stones of the road isn't harder."

There was a break in his voice that kept them silent as he finished. And when he turned and went down the road, Shamus, looking at Eileen, saw that there were tears in her eyes.

But Tim Hagan strode on until he entered his father's cottage. The farmer was seated in the ingle nook.

"Father!" he said abruptly, "I'm going to Maynooth to be a priest."

The years that followed were bad years in Clonegam. The potato crop partially failed, and work was scarce. Shamus and Eileen loved each other, but each successive summer saw them still unmarried. Eileen's father was moderately well-to-do, and he had gone so far as to give his consent to the engagement on the understanding that they would not attempt to marry without his knowledge. To their marriage he would not agree until Shamus had so far bettered himself as to come into the match with an equal fortune. The young man worked hard when he had the chance, but his chances were few.

So three years passed away, and once more Shamus and Eileen stood beside the village well. The years had made Eileen a trifle more staid, a little more thoughtful and serious; but her blue eyes shone as brightly as before and her hair was as delicately fair.

"Sure, I'd do well enough if I had the chance," Shamus was saying. "There's none works harder than me when there's work to be done. Ah, Eileen, if yer father would only say the word and give me a little bit of land to go on with, I'd make it the good day for him and me."

"Indeed, I'm sure ye would," she said quickly, "but ye know my father. Ye must help yourself before he'll help ye."

"And what will I do?" asked the man, "what will we do?"

"What can we do but wait?" she said quietly.

"Wait!" he said impatiently, "I'm tired of waiting and getting no nearer. We wait and wait and our lives pass away."

"And if they do," she said reproachfully, "will ye say the years are wasted—and we loving one another?"

"Ye see things as they are," said Shamus penitently. "But I can't help looking to the day when I can marry ye. I wonder, now," he went on thoughtfully, "if the new priest who's come to the village to-day in place of poor Father Rylan—rest his soul!—would say a word for me to your father?"

Eileen stared at him.

"Have ye seen the priest?" she cried.

"Not I."

"Then ye don't know who he is?"

"Who should he be?"

"Tis Father Hagan, no less."

"Hagan!" he cried. "Ye don't mean—?"

He stared towards the village, the words arrested on his lips. Father Hagan, a black-coated figure, was coming up the road.

What purpose had brought him to the well, who could say? Shamus's mind was full of that other meeting three years ago, when he had fought and had been overthrown, and yet had conquered. As the priest came near, he lifted his eyes and saw the two standing together by the well. His pale face flushed, he raised his hand in a slight gesture of acknowledgment, and he made as though he would pass on. But Eileen stopped him with a curtsy.

"Good evening, your reverence," she said. "We're very glad to see ye in the village. There's Shamus and me has a small favour to ask ye."

It was curious to see how completely the priest's position had lifted him above the man who had fought with him. Shamus raised his hat respectfully.

"Tis this," went on Eileen, though she trembled as she said it. "My father won't let Shamus and me marry each other; and we were thinking that perhaps if yer reverence would say a word—?"

He looked at her long and gravely.

"Tis three years," he said, "and ye love each other still?"

She drew closer to Shamus for answer, and he put his arm about her.

The priest turned away.

"I'll speak to your father, Eileen," he said, "and I'll marry the two of ye without fee, in the chapel here."

"And didn't his reverence look grand!" said Eileen to her husband as they drove home in the village side-car, after the wedding; "with his robes, and his stole and all! Sure it must be the happy man that he is with all that learning and grandeur."

"Faith, I'm thinking that he's scarcely the happy man that I am," said Shamus soberly. "And, what's more, I'm thinking that he's thinking so now."

And perhaps Father Hagan was thinking so as he knelt with clasped hands before the altar.

THE END.



A. GEM RE-CUT.

She was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleamed upon their sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be the Gnome-men's ornament."

[DRAWN BY H. C. SANDY.]



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WHILE, as a rule, the season starts, appropriately enough, with what might be metaphorically described as a blare of trumpets, to draw attention to its merits, this year it is being ushered in quietly. For the interests of all concerned, it is hoped that this lamb-like beginning will result in a lion-like finish, and so merely reverse the familiar proverb. Meanwhile, rehearsals are the order of the day, and though the auditoriums of most of the houses are still shrouded in their swathing cloths of brown holland, the stages are actively engaged, for the actors are busily rehearsing the parts which the most important members of the company hope will enhance their reputations, and those who have to content themselves with the smaller characters trust will enable them to prove to the managers that they are worthy of better things.

That motor-cars have caused a depreciation in the value of house property in certain parts of London is well known. Are theatres to suffer in the same way? The possibility is by no means remote, for Mr. Arthur Bouchier has written to one of the daily papers complaining that the people in the box-office of the Garrick cannot hear the orders given for seats "either verbally or on the telephone." "On the stage," he continues, "matters are worse, for in the middle of a quiet scene the ghastly din raised by the motor-bus fiend nearly paralyses the efforts of the actors and actresses who are endeavouring to chain the attention of the audiences."

If audiences suffer in the same way the inevitable result will be that they will go only to the theatres at which they can enjoy the performance to the full. Before that happens, however, a way out of the difficulty will, it is hoped, be found.

Miss Lena Ashwell's American season will last some five months, and her absence from London will begin on Monday, when she will start Mr. William Greet's tour in "The Shulamite" by playing her original part for four weeks. The other chief parts will be acted by Mr. Charles Weir as Simeon, Mr. T. W. Lovell as Waring, Miss Marcelle Hudson as Memke, and Miss Mary Griffiths as Tante Anna. When Miss Ashwell leaves the company her part will be undertaken by Miss Evelyn D'Alroy, who will continue it until the tour finishes on Dec. 1.

With an acute perception of the fact that the casual playgoer, unaccustomed to the niceties of foreign languages, may throw the accent back and deal a disastrous blow to the ears of the educated,

Mr. Louis Calvert has taken the precaution to insert in the posters of "Amāsis" at the New Theatre the long mark over the middle "a," so that people are bound to pronounce it as if it were spelt "Amay-sis." The precaution will naturally seem superfluous to the readers of *The Sketch*, but the danger of the mispronunciation of classical names even by those who pass as educated is apparent, for Mr. Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea" has been metamorphosed into "Pigmy-lion and Galasha" in the hearing of the present writer.

Mr. George Alexander has been taking a well-deserved holiday in Switzerland, and his part is being acted by Mr. Dawson Milward, while Mr. Milward's part has been undertaken by Mr. Robert Horton. The popular actor-manager, however, will very shortly return to his place at the head of his theatre. Then "His House in Order" will once again be acted by the original company. So strong is the hold it has taken on the mind of London that it is by no means improbable that it will run on till the end of the year.

A great reception awaits Miss Ada Reeve at the Tivoli on Monday evening after her brilliantly successful engagement in South Africa. Miss Reeve goes with such delightful ease from the theatre to the music-hall and back again that playgoers will hope that she will soon take it into her head to appear on the regular stage. This wish in no way seeks to minimise the importance of the variety house, but to emphasise the importance of Miss Reeve's attractions, for in the regular theatre her performance extends over the greater part of the evening, instead of being concentrated into a quarter of an hour.

Until Christmas, at all events, Mr. G. P. Huntley's humour will be denied to London, except in so far as certain of the suburban theatres are concerned. On Monday, at the Marlborough, under the direction of Mr. Charles Macdonald, he will start on tour with "Mr. Popple," in which, of course, he will play his original part. His chief supporters will be Miss Millie Legarde, who succeeds Miss Ethel Irving as La Bolero; Miss Nellie Hudson, who follows Miss Coralie Blythe as Louise; Miss Eva Kelly, who will be the new Violet, the part originally acted by Miss Olive Hood. Mr. Kenneth Douglas's part of Norman Popple will be acted by Mr. Basil Foster, and Mr. C. M. Daly will play Platt, in succession to Mr. Lionel Victor. Already another company has started on its travels with Mr. Morris Harvey in Mr. Huntley's part, a character, by the way, he occasionally played for its original representative when the latter was unavoidably absent.

Friday evening next will see the end of the run of the present revival of "The Geisha" at Daly's Theatre, which will then be closed for a few weeks for the rehearsals of the new production. The enthusiastic reception and the no less enthusiastic criticisms of the revival no doubt led many people to anticipate a much longer run. This feeling was by no means shared by several of those engaged in the work, for they noticed the growing disfavour of revivals in London, even when launched with every appearance of success; and more than one remarked that they would be lucky to get nine or ten weeks' engagement out of the opera.



THE LATEST DEREK JESSON: MISS MOYNA HILL, WHO IS PLAYING MISS IRIS HAWKINS' PART IN "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER" ON TOUR.

Miss Moyna Hill, who recently appeared as Derek Jesson, in "His House in Order," at the St. James's, while Miss Iris Hawkins was holiday-making, is now playing the part on tour in the company sent out by Mr. Alexander. She has been on the stage for seven years, and was the Lottie in Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's "The Little Unfair Princess," at the Shaftesbury and Terry's.

Photograph by Russell, Windsor.



AN OLD FAVOURITE IN A NEW PART: MISS MARIE STUDHOLME AS MISS MOLLY SEAMORE IN "THE GEISHA," AT DALY'S.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

KEY-NOTES

THOUGH London is sleepy in its musical doings at the present moment, the Continent is alive with music. It is a question of "le Roi est mort, vive le Roi." It is true that the Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall are on our heels; but opera is now in full swing abroad. In the early days of August a Mozart Festival was inaugurated at Munich, and anybody who knows what an exquisite artistic triumph Mozart Festivals are in the Bavarian capital may well, if he be an enthusiastic musician, regret having missed the festival of this season. The present writer has witnessed these performances times not a few, and he thinks it impossible to surpass them as they were given under the direction of Ritter Ernst von Possart. From Munich many a fine singer has been drawn to gratify a London public on the boards of Covent Garden, and in some respects it has had a very special influence in Western Europe.

Then, again, at the Prinz-Regenten Theater a Wagner season has been fixed for many days succeeding Aug. 18. This has been public news for some little time; but the immediate prospect of the inauguration of the festival recalls to mind that noble opera-house situated somewhat outside the busy town, beyond the Isar, a house which stands in the very front rank of the great opera-houses of the period. For the present writer's part, he prefers it to any that he has ever visited—and these have been not a few.

The correspondence on "The Curse of Street Noises," which has been occupying the columns of a contemporary, has inevitably dragged in the musician. For the most part, the trouble and the indignation have arisen through the birth of the motor-car and the motor-'bus; but the musician, as represented by Mr. Landon Ronald, deals not with these novelties, but with matters which have been very much alive during the past forty years and more. Mr. Ronald waxes very wrath on the wickedness of the street organ and the German brass bands. It has a Rip van Winkle sort of effect to hear these more than cherished "institutions" condemned in the present year of grace. Poets and musicians cannot do their work, says Mr. Ronald, while these curses abound. We do not know much about the "poets," but a good deal of very excellent music has been turned out in England during the past half-century, German bands notwithstanding; and then, again, you can always have a German band "moved on." One does not, as a rule, live in an isolated bungalow nowadays; and it is always possible to "place" a study where "beyond these voices there is peace."

Again, there is the organ-grinder's point of view. We could quite imagine a literary organ-grinder retorting somewhat as follows: "Dear Sir,—I hear that you compose songs and ballets; I play 'em. One's your way of getting a living; the other's mine. When you return to your 'home,' you will hear 'the well-worn tune again'; so

shall I; and ballet-dancers will still listen night after night to your tunes." Really, to some extent, it cuts both ways. The difference lies largely in position. It is absurd to suppose that a man of resource and substance cannot withdraw himself from noisy surroundings in his own home. Even such an one sometimes forgets his next-door neighbour.

One may devoutly trust that the scheme set afoot for a month's season of German Opera, beginning on Jan. 14, will be brought to a successful issue. It is announced that a limited company has been formed to give such a season, while, in addition to the evening performances, some matinées will be "thrown in." Moderate charges will obtain throughout the entire season.

One of the most interesting facts in this connection is that the general direction of the performances will be under Mr. Ernest van Dyck, an artist and a singer of the finest quality, whose absence from London has been very much regretted. To show that the scheme is by no means built upon shifting sands, it may be pointed out that Mottl (of Munich) and Viotta (of Amsterdam) have been engaged for the season. The London Symphony Orchestra's services have been retained—an invaluable asset, one would imagine, in the prosecution of such a scheme—and Mr. Carl Armbruster will direct the chorus.

This is the time of the vocalist on tour, and the vocalist on tour, be it added, is a very busy person. We in London, when the great doors of the season clang upon all musical doings of importance, are inclined to imagine that there is nothing worth further consideration until the great doors are swung open again and music comes back to our many concert-rooms. That is part of the ineffable conceit of London. Meanwhile, the provinces are alive with music. Take a single instance: last week the whole town of Blackpool was "enthusing" over the visit of Melba; this week is the turn of Madame Ella Russell and Mr. John Coates. Other musical towns in Lancashire and Yorkshire are full of music, and these are awake while London sleeps.

We are soon, it seems, to have a memoir of that fine old teacher and musician, Manuel Garcia. It is not to be supposed that this, at so short a date from Garcia's death, could contain a complete account of the more than a hundred years which spanned the living experiences of Garcia. In any event, Mr. Sterling Mackinlay, a former pupil of the great old Italian, has undertaken to write a memoir of him, which should possess considerable interest. Garcia's contemporaries passed through three generations. Has there ever been quite such a record before, since the days when Jacob humbly said—"Few and evil have been the days of thy servant: I am a child of a hundred years"?

COMMON CHORD.



A NOVEL METHOD OF TRAINING THE EAR: THE GRAMOPHONE AS MUSIC-MASTER.

We have already heard of the gramophone as instructor in languages; now comes the idea of teaching children to appreciate good music by means of the same ingenious instrument.

Photograph by W. Shadwell Clarke.



TRIVIALITIES MAKE FOR COMFORT—A PETROL-CAN KEY—THE PASSING OF MOTORPHOBIA—MOTOR-BOATING—THE SPEED OF LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN'S "YARROW-NAPIER"—POLICE RIGHTS AND LICENSES—LUBRICATING OILS FOR CYLINDERS.

IF trifles make the sum of human happiness, then is the life of the average motorist—at least, when motoring—dependent very largely, if not altogether, upon a shoal of trivialities. There is much annoyance and irritation in the lack of a funnel, the want of a petrol-squirt, the absence of a hank of copper-wire, etc. No motorist

knows this like he who has passed through the mill of experience, and no one is keener to have everything needful aboard before setting out for a motor tour, wherein at any time the success of a day's run may depend upon the possession of a certain-sized washer, or a needle long and fine enough to clear the petrol-jet. Speaking of petrol reminds me that something particularly applicable should always be carried to remove the sealed caps from the faucets of petrol-cans. With modern cars, the edge of the step is no



THE STAGE SADOW GIRL TAKES THE AIR: MISS CARRIE MOORE, THE PEGGY OF "THE DAIRYMAIDS," MOTORING.

Photograph by Bassano.

longer available, for metal steps have now given way to the more convenient and useful running footboards, and tyre-levers and screw-drivers more frequently slip and bark the knuckles than not. In this particular triviality Messrs. Dunhill and Co. have stepped into the breach and have introduced a special form of cruciform key with which the brass caps of petrol-cans are quickly tackled, and time, temper, and money saved.

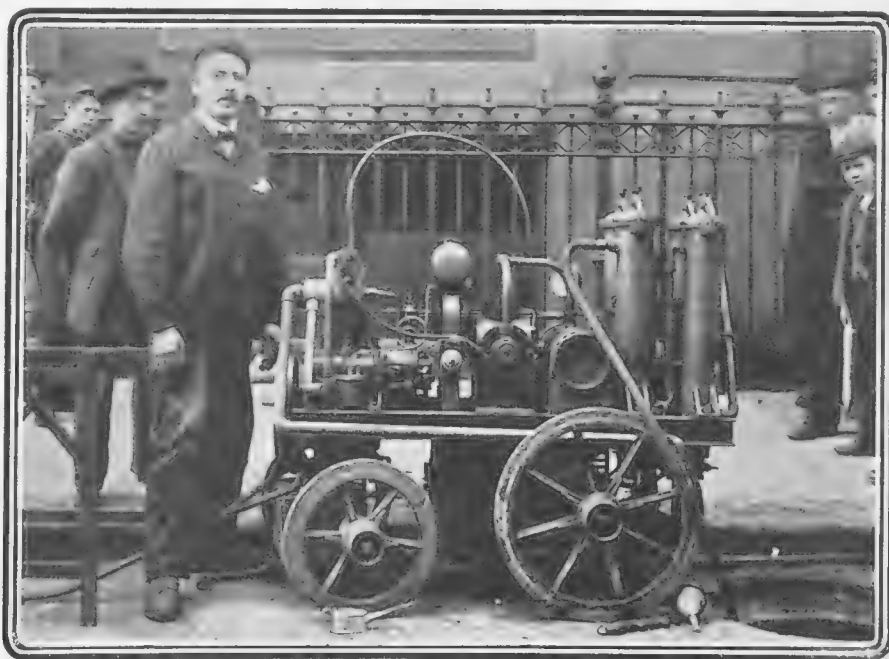
The Report of the Royal Commission on Motor Cars has by no means given universal satisfaction. It is difficult to imagine how far the motorphobists expected the members of the Commission to go, but it is clear from the acidulous correspondence that has appeared in certain dailies that they are grievously disappointed. Those who do not motor, but still rely upon the willing horse for the means of personal transport, feel, nay, insist, that the Commission, so far from dropping the speed-limit, should have recommended that motor traffic should not be allowed to move through the country faster than horse-drawn vehicles. This is only the outcome of the deep-rooted antipathy felt everywhere by man or beast at being passed. It was the same with the bicycle in the old days, this objection prompting the coaching swells of 1878 to lasso cyclists with ball and cord on the St. Albans road. The phase has passed with horse folk so far as cycles are concerned; it will pass eventually with motorists, though more time will be required for the cure.

As a distraction from motor-car racing, motor-boat speeding, or the watching of it, is a grateful change. There is something infinitely more fascinating in the spectacle presented by a crack motor speed-boat cleaving her way through the water and hurling sheets of white spray to either side than in the view of a road-flier with her cloud of dust behind her. This was very generally admitted by all aboard the *Enchantress*, the Motor Yacht Club's luxurious house-boat moored off Netley Abbey, on the 8th inst., upon the occasion of the Motor-Boat Eliminating Trials for the International Motor-Boat Race, held on the following day. The fleet competing was hardly as large as had been anticipated, but what was lacking in quantity was certainly made up

in quality, if the performance of *Yarrow-Napier*, the wonderful craft owned by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and Mr. Lionel Rothschild, alone is considered. But, in addition, Lord Howard de Walden's *Rose en Soleil*, a steam-driven craft, also gave a fine exhibition of speed. The course over which these boats were tried was laid in Southampton Water, thirty-three knots in length, which distance was covered by the *Yarrow-Napier* in 1 hour 29 minutes 37 seconds, a speed equal to 22.89 knots per hour. To see a craft of this description streaming through the water at this speed is really to see a boat walking the waters like a thing of life.

I trust that it has fallen to the lot of but few readers of these notes to be held up by the police for alleged speed-excess or driving to the danger of the public, but when this does happen the motorist should absolutely refuse to allow the officer concerned to take his driving license into his hands and copy the endorsement, if any. All that the policeman has power to do is to demand to see the license, and to take therefrom the owner's name and address. That is the extent of his power, and he should not be allowed to exceed it in any case. If, unhappily, the license is endorsed, and the officer sees it, he will, though he is absolutely out of court in so doing, refer to it when he is giving evidence for the prosecution. Further, the Bench before whom the charge is heard ought to take no cognisance of such an irregularity until the case is decided; but all those who have the merest acquaintance with the practice of magisterial Benches where motorists are concerned know how far this obtains.

It is more than difficult to arrive at a knowledge of what is or is not the best lubricating cylinder-oil for any particular internal-combustion engine designed for automobile propulsion. I am by no means certain that the brand or brands recommended by the builders of the engine are always the best. The shop suggestion is generally the outcome of the test-bench, and test-bench and road-running conditions are by no means identical. Many nostrums have been put upon the market by rule-of-thumb experts, and dire has been the trouble which has overtaken some unfortunate motor-car owners from adopting these fanciful concoctions. For a time viscosity was the property which it was said a cylinder-oil should exhibit; but after a while a return was made to lubricants which did not stick up piston-rings and pistons to such an extent that the engine was dead hard to turn when cold. Of all the refiners who have taken up this matter in a serious vein none have been so successful as Price's Candle



SUBSTITUTING DRY FOR MOIST AIR BY MEANS OF A PETROL MOTOR ENGINE.

Telephone cables can now be kept in the necessary state of dryness by substituting dry air for the ordinary air, which is, of course, frequently moist. This is done by means of a one-cylinder petrol motor engine of 5 h.p., which forces the damp air from the cables and supplies the dry air.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

Company, whose lubrication expert, Mr. Veitch Wilson, has made the subject a special study. Motorists on the search for an oil which seems best to suit their engine will, I am certain, find surcease from sorrow with one or other of Price's engine-oils.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE NORTHERN CIRCUIT—THE TRAGIC DEFEAT OF TRAQUAIR—A NOTABLE ENTRY FOR THE DERBY.

THIS week the Northern Circuit commences. This is a pleasant series of meetings that embraces Redcar, with its Kirkleatham Biennial and Foal Plate; Stockton, with its Great Northern Leger and Hardwicke Stakes; York, with its Yorkshire Oaks, Prince of Wales's Plate, and Great Ebor Handicap; and Doncaster, with its last classic race of the year, the St. Leger. Large house-parties foregather in the neighbourhoods for each of these meetings, and fashion and beauty grace the enclosures. Coincident with Redcar is the quietest of all the Kempton Park fixtures, the Second Summer, at which this year horses like Galvani, who may not be far behind Slieve Gallion, and Spearmint, the winner of the Derby and Grand Prix de Paris, are engaged. Should they turn out for the valuable races in which they are nominated, they will lift the sport above the ordinary level, and they should have no difficulty in winning. Lord Londonderry supports the Stockton meeting in much the same lavish manner that Lord Derby supports the Liverpool meeting, and although his colours are seldom seen in the van elsewhere, he generally contrives to pick up a race or two at Stockton. Lord and Lady Londonderry will entertain a large house-party for the meeting at Wynyard Park.

The tragic defeat of Traquair at Goodwood by the Marsh Marigold colt was no doubt partly, if not wholly, due to the reaction after the tremendous effort Lord Rosebery's colt had to make at Sandown Park, where he gave away start and weight to some useful horses and beat them in brilliant style. This reaction is common in all walks of life, and is indigenous to man and beast alike. How often we hear the expression, "He could not come again!" It is a simple and concise way of saying that athletes and racehorses that are tuned to the highest pitch lose much of their cleverness

we have seen this year. Going to cricket for one, we saw Surrey strung to the highest tension during the three days on which they played Yorkshire at the Oval. What happened immediately afterwards? They were the flabbiest of teams when they were required to accomplish again something out of the ordinary run in the match against Kent. They could not reproduce the brilliance that was so pronounced in the previous game. And I have no doubt that was the reason of Traquair's defeat. He had not had time to forget his Sandown experience, and was below par. That the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster will suffer a little through the defeat of Traquair is inevitable; but I think we shall see a vastly different display in that race to what we saw at Goodwood, although, as I have previously said, I expect Slieve Gallion to prove himself a better colt than Traquair.

The entry of 301 for the Derby of 1908 is a notable one, and comes within one of a new record for the greatest of English races. All our prominent owners and breeders are represented, of course, and they are headed by his Majesty, who has nominated four Persimmons. It is a strange fact that of the many good animals that claim Persimmon as their sire none belong to the King, at whose stud at Sandringham the Derby winner stands. He was far and away the best horse the King ever owned, and one would like to see a worthy descendant under the royal livery. M. Blanc has entered only one, a Flying Fox colt; but there are thirteen other French horses nominated and eleven American ones, so that the international character that the race has long since assumed may be maintained. A strange feature of the entry is the nomination of no fewer than half-a-dozen fillies, in addition to several colts, by Mr. H. Cholmondeley, a name that, as is well known, stands for Sir Tatton Sykes. The Oaks



ELEVEN HOURS IN THE THAMES: MISS ETHEL LITTLEWOOD, WHO SWAM FROM SUNBURY LOCK TO THE ISLEWORTH GATES OF KEW GARDENS.

Miss Littlewood, who is a hospital nurse and twenty-three years of age, performed the feat already mentioned on the occasion of a long-distance swim by members of the Kingston Ladies' Swimming Club. The distance covered was about sixteen miles. Just below Richmond the shallowness of the water made it necessary for Miss Littlewood to walk in the mud for a little way.

Photograph by Bolak.



THE AMERICAN VERSUS THE BRITISH CAMBRIDGE: THE HARVARD CREW THAT IS TO ROW AGAINST CAMBRIDGE NEXT MONTH.

Harvard, the American Cambridge, and our own Cambridge are to row their match on the eighth of next month, and the Americans are now here training. Harvard crossed the Atlantic in August 1867, and rowed against Oxford, but were defeated. The crew visiting us is said to be the best ever produced by an American University. The names of the men shown in our photograph are: F. M. Blagden (cox.), O. D. Filley (stroke), D. A. Newhall, R. L. Bacon, J. Richardson, Gordon Glass, G. Morgan, S. W. Fish, and R. M. Tappan.

Photograph by the Pictorial News Co., New York.

immediately they have been through the ordeal for which they were specially trained. It is more a nervous than a physical reaction, which is, after all, very natural if the nerves control the muscles. The Traquair instance is the latest, but by no means the only one

of 1908 has attracted 255 entries, including two Persimmons and two St. Simons belonging to his Majesty. CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE whole world is holiday-making at the moment, if one may judge from the railway companies' statistics, and the frantic influx of parents, offspring, and dress-boxes at every holiday resort at home and abroad. One hears of people who under ordinary circumstances at home are really rather fastidious in their environment thankfully accepting box-rooms, servants' attics, and bath-rooms at fashionable hotels abroad, while the humblest lodgings let at extortionate figures and war prices are among the luxuries of existence. No wonder it is alleged that our foreign friends live comfortably during the winter on what their well-squeezed patrons from other parts supply in summer. We are at the present moment meekly submitting to the abnormal demands of a *blanchisseuse*, a dry-cleaner, a *couturière*, a hotel-keeper, a bicycle-hirer, and various other veritable *chevaliers d'industrie*, who presume on one to a heartbreaking extent because one speaks their vernacular with the accent of the British Isles or the American continent. It has been truly said that Americans and English spoil the places they patronise by elevating the standard of cost and reducing the erstwhile simplicity and economy of these resorts to vanishing point. And one finds it to be a melancholy and expensive fact, wherever one goes.

Clothes become more gorgeous each season, and the one-time rusticity of the country holiday or the extreme simplicity of the seaside is replaced by costumes that, while suitable enough, are so expensive in construction as to rival in cut and cost the most elaborate confections of the full season at home. A friend of mine, for instance, brought two of the very latest things in costumes from Paris this week. They were admirably made by her own and most cherished tailor: walking-skirts, long three-quarter coats, shaped to the figure, and the cuffs and turned-down collar in one case covered with black velvet, and in the

the attachments of velvet and cloth. "What about washing when you've worn them three times?" I could not help asking; but was reminded pityingly of the *nettoyage à sec*—which might, indeed, cost three times as much; but what of that? Truly we are not of an economical spirit in this generation. A beautiful white linen frock, made *en princesse*, embroidered *à jour* and ornamented with Valenciennes bordered flounces, also in the same Ostend outfit, was



A USEFUL LITTLE FROCK FOR THE COUNTRY.

other with pale mauve cloth. Each had cost two hundred and fifty francs—otherwise ten pounds sterling—and yet they were only piqué (which is admittedly an inexpensive material), and were not lined even; while their accessibility to the washtub had been prevented by



A SMART EMBROIDERED MUSLIN.

deliciously cool and decorative, but cost twenty whole pounds. Another was a glorified tennis-frock in white linen, with wide bands of embroidery and narrow braid admixed. The high belt, small bolero, and wide open sleeves, were treated to the same elaboration, and a lingerie hat of simple outline but copious needlework completed the *chic* but *très cher* outfit. Yachting-gowns, while necessarily simple and severe in outline, must be exquisitely tailored and fitted to the figure with the utmost perfection; and even the automobile outfit has been raised to heights of decorative effect, as has, of course, the bathing-costume.

One of the newest motor outfits revealed itself to edified eyes at Le Touquet some days ago. The costume in question was a short pleated skirt and blouse bodice of tan tussore silk, a smart, tight-fitting coat of the same material entirely covering the dress; a toque of similar hue, with tan-coloured wings, and gloves and parasol to match. Another member of this motoring party was completely outfitted in white silk—rather an extravagant altogether, but distinctly becoming while its first freshness lasted. The secret of successful motor dress lies in keeping to one colour and avoiding all dark tones. Pale pink, pale mauve, pale blue, do not show dust more than the various shades of biscuit or putty colour, and look inexpressibly pretty. Bathers find that pale colours, on the other hand, do not resist three immersions, so that black, dark blue, and dark red will always remain favourites. For yachting the same remark applies, except in the case of white, which defies salt air to harm its purity, though it rapidly turns yellow in salt water. The newest bathing caps are very smart,

more resembling toques, because of their becoming fullness in front. Plaid silk caps are fashionable, but look less well in the water than plain bright colours.

In America it is now quite an accepted part of the country-house repertoire of amusements that balloon-ascents shall be available for those guests whose predilections lead them over the house-tops. A



PRESENTED TO THE "LONDON" BY LONDON.

The presentation which is being made to the battleship "London" by the citizens of London takes the form of a full-toned ship's bell, specially cast in bell metal, which is an exact replica of the famous Bow Bell. It is hung from a handsomely modelled and chased bracket in sterling silver. The bell was designed and modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, and is on view at their city house, 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

Photograph by Cooper and Humphreys.

friend writing from a retreat rustic but palatial in the Adirondacks is full of the "new motion," as she phrases it, and only regrets that no special fascinations in frocks are required for the purpose, as anything does, she declares, for cloud conversations. In old days one always heard that balloons had a habit of bursting at the most disconcerting moment; but this is really impossible while the neck remains open, as there is no pressure from the expanding gas, which escapes in ascent. I had the excitement of a trial trip skywards last week from an old château in Northern France, and it was a most curious sensation to feel the utter and intense stillness of the air all round, even railway shrieks diminishing into the thinnest of penny whistles. We were able to keep any required level in the air, moreover, and to register it with scientific instruments, which shows how far we have advanced along the aerial high road. Our host spoke to his wife, who was safely on the lawn a thousand feet below, by means of a megaphone, and she afterwards told us that she heard most distinctly. There seems little doubt that the heavier-than-air problem is also at last nearly solved, so that we shall shortly be careering about in aeroplanes, regardless alike of latitude, longitude, chaperones, creditors, or other constraints of a purely terra-firma existence. When this millennium is accomplished, what about home railway dividends then?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VOYAGEUSE.—"Never drink water abroad" is a good rule, for though that excellent fluid is to be had of excellent purity in many places, in others it is afflicted to drains, snow-water, or other objectionable circumstances, which render it very dangerous, however clear or sparkling. Vichy Water can be had everywhere abroad, and is an excellent, wholesome drink which you should always use.

JUDITH (Durham).—You will find Florida Water invaluable, as it is always fragrant and refreshing this hot weather. Murray and Lanman's is the original and the best.

F. F. F.—Your signature need not be descriptive, as you so amusingly suggest. To be fair and forty need by no means mean fat also nowadays when so much more knowledge is brought to bear on the distressing subject of obesity. Have you, for instance, ever tried the "Kalari" biscuits? If not, a line to the Kalari depot, 56, Regent Street, will bring you an explanation of what these wonderful biscuits quickly and harmlessly effect in the way of reducing embonpoint.

ELEANOR F. (Glasgow).—You will find economy and good taste combined in Elkington's new catalogue of plate and jewellery. They have a branch house, I think, in your city, but you can always write direct to their Regent Street head house. I saw very pretty and artistic rings there lately, quite like what you describe, at five, eight, and nine guineas upwards. Their work is always of the first excellence.

FIANCÉE (New York).—As you are in England you should select the dressing-bag for your futur. A very good model and not high in price is obtainable from the old-established firm of Drew and Sons, Piccadilly Circus, for £17 10s., or eighty-seven dollars. It is a good-sized suit-case, leather lined, with ivory brushes and silver-topped bottles. I dare say it would cost at least double in your country.

MATRON (Carlsbad).—You could send the lace home to the Parisian Diamond Company, who would mount it with pearl, tortoiseshell, or enamel, as desired, with a design in diamonds. Some of the fans mounted thus to the company's own jewelled designs are worthy a place in a museum.

M. P. (North Hants).—You will have to pay a tax on the motor on entering France, which will, however, be returned you when leaving the country.

ANABEL.—(1) Do not send your card in; give the servant your name distinctly, so that it may be correctly announced. Leave two of your husband's cards on going out, if there is a husband or brother or other male relative, the idea being that one card is left for host and one for hostess. Never send in cards before yourself; it is not done. (2) In returning the call, you do not leave your own card unless, as is sometimes the case, it is printed with your husband's—that is, "Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So." (3) Turning down the left-hand corner simply means you have called personally and not sent cards round by a footman, as many now do to save trouble and time. (4) You should not leave your husband's card on a single lady. Les convenances do not allow her even so small a privilege.

SYBIL.

IRELAND—BY A NEW ROUTE.

VISITORS desirous of tasting the beauties of the North of Ireland have no excuse for not doing so. Never were facilities more numerous. Not the least of these is the new route, advocated by the Midland Railway Company, which takes the traveller via Heysham. The company give "A few reasons for selecting the North of Ireland for a summer holiday. (1) The coasts of Antrim, Derry, and Donegal front the Atlantic Ocean, the air is invigorating, and the temperature mild and equable. (2) By the Midland Company's new route, via Heysham, passengers have the advantage of the fastest and most up-to-date and comfortable steamers. Express trains run to and from Heysham and the principal large towns and cities in England, with dining cars and other conveniences. (3) Passengers desiring a short sea journey may travel via Stranraer and Larne, by which route the Midland Company run express trains and sleeping carriages. (4) Holders of Midland tourist tickets can obtain at the Midland Company's Belfast and other offices cheap eight-day contract tickets at nominal rates, entitling them to travel to and fro over 200 miles of the best tourist country in Ireland."

MRS. SLOAN CHAUNCEY.

We are asked to state that the paragraph concerning Mrs. Sloan Chauncey, published in our issue of Aug. 8, was inaccurate. The statement as to Mrs. Chauncey's early childhood is incorrect.

Miss Nettie Levy showed her famous corded poodle, Japan, at the Hemel Hempstead Dog Show recently, and was most successful, Japan took not only a first prize in the Novice Class (any variety), but the special five-guinea cup, and second prize in the Any Variety Class for the property of a lady.

Recent advices from Sarawak seem to indicate that the Rajah's exemplary punishment of murderers in his domain has not wholly suppressed the trouble. There is to be more to follow. He will be equal to the call. Merciful and wise, he can be firm with the firmest in time of need. It was only a couple of years ago that he had to deal with very grave disturbances in the interior. He whipped up a little army of 12,000 men and crushed the disorder like the Colossus he is. But these indications show that something of that primordial instinct of savagery remains which his uncle had to combat. The late Rajah had suppressed all troubles, and was ruling with mercy and equity. Pirate chiefs, their offences forgiven, came one day with tears of affection and loyalty to say their nicest things to him. That done, they asked, with the simple winsomeness which characterises a child's petition for an extra chocolate, "Now may we have a head-hunting expedition in your country?" Said the



THE PROPERLY EQUIPPED TRAVELLING-BAG.

There are some things that you could spare from your bag in packing it for your holiday outing without being much inconvenienced; but you cannot afford to leave out Odol. That is one of the daily requisites of a health-outfit that it behoves every one to bear in mind. In changing from place to place, and having to eat and drink out of your ordinary daily habit, your teeth and mouth are liable to suffer considerably, but if you have taken the precaution to have at hand a bottle of Odol these things will not trouble you.

Rajah, "I will give you full permission to attack the English at Singapore, but for each head you take in Sarawak I will have a hundred of yours." The projected sport was indefinitely postponed.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company announce numerous facilities in connection with Folkestone Races, which are fixed for the 22nd and 23rd. They particularly draw attention to the fact that first-class tickets from London issued on 22nd inst. will be available to return on the same or the following day. Tickets issued on the 23rd inst. will be available for the day only.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 28.

FOR a sharp Stock Exchange revival to occur in August must be an experience quite unique in the history of the past decade.

Easier money is behind the improvement in gilt-edged securities, and the professional agitation of the Kaffir Circus has put new heart of life into speculation. Brokers admit that they are not doing more trade than they can conveniently manage; they say they might do more without increasing their staffs or office accommodation. But in the advancement of prices lies a pleasant promise of future business, and the House is content with the hope that, after the return of the public from their holidays, orders will roll in with something-like celerity.

PROFESSIONALISM IN KAFFIRS.

That is the particular nigger in the Kaffir hedge at the present time. The market is active in a way: there is plenty of shouting and dust and stage excitement, but careful inquiries amongst members of the House who deal for the public go to show that their business has increased little enough during the past week or two. More is doing, of course—that is one sign of grace; but it seems to us that the only healthy base for a sustained improvement must be public—not shop—support. We shall be quickly countered with the reply that all past rises had to commence with professional props, and that people will not buy unless the market is made to appear active, good, and buoyant.

Granted this truism, there remains the uncomfortable feeling that every attempt at advanced prices has been met, of recent years, by long spells of bear selling that knocked down prices and destroyed whatever incipient confidence might have grown in the public mind by a maintenance of good prices extending over periods somewhat longer than two or three weeks. And the question that forces itself upon the mind is whether we shall see a repetition of the former tactics that have ruined the public faith in Kaffirs. The industry is doing well, and we should say that the new Constitution will work smoothly enough. Nevertheless, the outlook is not sufficiently guaranteed for strength, to make present purchases more than a mere gambling in differences. With the advent of the Transvaal elections will come fresh uneasiness; after they are over, behold the renewed forcing of the Chinese

problem upon the public mind. Weighing the various considerations in the balance, and much as we should like to praise the prospect, it seems to us that the elements of uncertainty are too manifold for any strong hope to be lodged in the permanence of further rises in Kaffir values.

WAIHI AND GRAND JUNCTION.

We have reason to know that many of our readers followed the advice of our esteemed correspondent "Q." and put money into Waihi Gold shares when the price stood two or three pounds under its present record level. In the following Note "Q" touches upon the latest development of the Waihi Company, and goes on to comment upon the Waihi Grand Junction, a company that is now arousing considerable interest from its proximity to the magnificent Waihi Company—

Your readers will have been pleased, but not surprised, to see the steady advance in the price of Waihi Gold shares to £9, and a much higher price even than this is anticipated by those who have seen the mine and have formed an estimate of its capabilities on the spot. The last report, which shareholders received at the end of July, contained important information of new discoveries and developments. The most important of these are the cutting of the Royal Reef in the eighth level 300 feet from the No. 5 shaft: the reef where cut proved to be 11 feet wide and worth over £7 per ton; and, still more important perhaps, the improving value of the Welcome Reef in the seventh level in the western portion of the mine, which has hitherto been the poorer part of the property.

The reef was met with 682 feet west of the No. 1 shaft, and was driven on for 63 feet in ore worth £3 8s. 9d. per ton. A cross-cut has been driven through the Reef for a distance of 75 feet without meeting the north wall. The average value of the ore in this cross-cut is £3 11s. 1d. per ton. At a point 34 feet in this cross-cut a drive to the west has been driven 20 feet in ore, worth £12 2s. 2d. per ton. This last development is of great importance to the neighbouring mine, the Waihi Grand Junction Company, which owns the leases on the western as well as those on the eastern boundary of the Waihi Mine. After a long period of delay, caused by the difficulty of unwatering the mine, the Waihi Junction is on the

eve of commencing milling operations with forty stamps, and another sixty stamps now in course of erection will begin crushing as soon as the ore between the Nos. 3 and 4 levels has been blocked out and prepared for stoping. With 100 stamps at work the Company should be able to pay fair dividends on its shares at their present price, but the speculative value of the shares depends on how the reefs develop in the lower levels of the mine. So far, in size and value the reefs in the Waihi Junction compare unfavourably with those in the Waihi Mine, but it is quite likely that a little lower down the reefs may attain the phenomenal proportions of its great neighbour, in which case there is, of course, a great future before the mine.

P.S.—There has been a marked improvement in the appearance of markets generally since I last wrote to you, and the improvement seems likely to continue. Home Rails should go better, particularly *Midland Deferred*, *North British*, and *Great Northern*. Among Foreign Rails, *Autofagasta (Chili)* and *Bolivia* stocks have advanced steadily. The New Deferred stock is nominally about 148, and seeing that at least 12 per cent. is being earned on the stock, I shall not be surprised to see it 20 points higher in the next few months.

Aug. 11, 1906.

FINANCE ON A FIRST-CLASS MOUNTAIN.

"The rain," quoth The Jobber incorrectly, "it raineth all the day."

"They say it's going to last for the rest of the week," The Rumour-Monger responded.

He was a gaunt, cadaverous-looking creature, not altogether out of tune with the steady downpour that reduced the main street of Grindelwald to one muddy wedge of road.

The Jobber's wife—sunny little soul!—hated him with frank cordiality. "He's always saying something unpleasant, Tom," she protested. "And it's always, 'They say so-and-so.' Isn't he absolutely horrid?"

"Put it down to his liver and a bearish temperament," her husband used to laugh.

So now she rose from the hotel verandah, and crossing over to a little table, commenced viciously to do some needlework. "Beast!" she said, beneath her bated breath.

"Seen the papers?" The Rumour-Monger asked The Engineer, who strolled up. The Broker was somewhere in the vicinity, too.

"I am ashamed to say I have," was the reply. "It's so wet," he added by way of apology. "I'd nothing else to do."

The Wetterhorn seemed to frown at this insult to his rain-wrapped majesty.

"They're jolly good in the Stock Exchange, I notice," said The Jobber. "I almost wish—"

"Tom!"—and his wife held up a warning needle.

"My dear, you are so industrious that I am ashamed to be so idle," he retorted.

"I'm merely knitting up the ravelled sleeve of don't care," she told him. "If I didn't, I should only get angry with the weather."

"They say Russia's in a much worse state than is allowed to appear," The Rumour-Monger cheerfully interposed. "I wouldn't much like to be a bull of anything now."

"Isn't the Russian spectre nearly done for as a market skeleton?" asked The Engineer mildly. "I don't believe people mind about Russian politics really."

"Not in the Kaffir Market, anyway," and The Broker entered. "Hark!"

"Only a little avalanche," said The Jobber's wife. "The snow's got loosened by the rain."

The Engineer was testing an ice-axe. "I think the Russian bogey is done for," he remarked. "Markets ought to go much better this autumn."

"They say that the Near East is anything but settled," said The Rumour-Monger.

"That's the reason why Greeks and Turks are rising, no doubt," and The Engineer's tone was more dry than the weather. "Markets will go better, I am convinced."

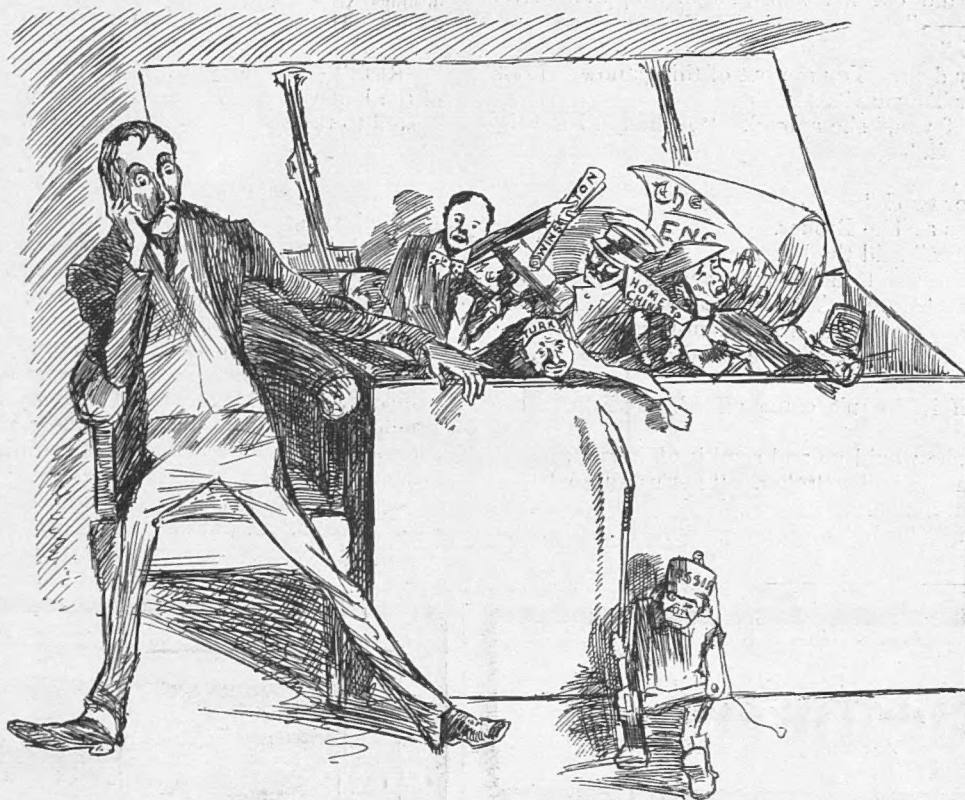
"Trade is so jolly good, isn't it?" and The Jobber read a paragraph about the rise in Home Railway stocks.

"North-Western is my own particular favourite for investment," said The Broker. "And for a speculation, Great Northern 'A.'"

"Not York Deferred?"

"No; the other's quite as good and is several points lower. So I plump for York 'A.'"

"They say that the Trades Unions will wreck business now that



WANTED: ANOTHER SET.

THE RUMOUR-MONGER: Bless my soul! there's no stopping this rise in prices. These puppets seem played out!

they can't be sued," and The Rumour-Monger rubbed his hands happily. "If—"

"Hurrah!" and The Jobber's Wife, jumping up, overturned her work, the table, and several vases of Alpine roses. "There's a patch of blue in the sky!"

Everyone pressed forward except the misanthrope, who stretched his long legs and looked unhappy again.

The Jobber burst into rapt quotation—

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim."

"An evening picture, surely?" said The Rumour-Monger, earning the supreme contempt—because she acquiesced—of the Jobber's Wife.

"It will be dry enough to go out in half an hour," said The Broker; "but I shan't be able to try my axe to-day," and he looked ruefully at what rain continued to descend.

"You're not going this week?"

"My wife says we must pack our trunks on Friday at the latest."

"Are you a bull of them?" asked The Engineer.

"Bull of— Oh, I see! Trunks. Yes. I'm a little bull."

"You will get a good profit," and The Jobber nodded his head sagely. "The Board's policy is no less conservative than excellent."

"Flattering praise!" sneered The Rumour-Monger. "They say—"

"They say," put in The Jobber's Wife, speaking rapidly, "that—"

"That is so," her husband cut her short, slightly apprehensive.

"But about these Trunks—"

"Have I got any, Tom?"

"Can't say you have, my dear. You are out of things now. Look at the money you made over Tanganyikas!"

"That was quite clever of you," she agreed. "Although I saw the tip in one of the papers myself."

"Cruel!" he murmured.

"Can't I have a Trunk or two?"

The Jobber looked across at The Broker.

"Yes, by all means let her," said the latter.

The Jobber touched a bell, and told the uniformed youngster who appeared, to bring a telegraph-form. The boy saluted with all the smartness of his alien race, and returned in less than thirty seconds.

"Buy—two—Trunk—Thirde"—The Jobber read out. "I'll send it to your office, Brokie?"

"Very kind of you. If it doesn't come off, I'll credit you the commission, see?"

The Jobber's Wife said she would go and send it off herself.

"For good luck," commented The Broker. "Let us all go."

The Engineer admitted a hankering after edelweiss and Kaffirs.

"They're both pretty high," said The Jobber. "But I don't know what to say about Kaffirs myself."

So they went in search of macintoshes and a well-known illustrated weekly.

Saturday, Aug. 11, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

DOLERITE.—Baker Street and Waterloo Debenture has fallen because of the disappointing character of the traffic so far. The report lately issued shows that the profits are not yet sufficient to pay the Debenture interest. But there seems a tolerable prospect for the line when its new extensions are completed.

M. Y. R.—Should advise you to keep San Jorge Nitrates and buy a few more if the price falls to about fifty shillings.

LEEDS.—We have sent your letter to our correspondent "Q," and will let you know his reply later on.

UNITED.—The letter appeared in our issue of July 4.

ANOTHER.—Nos. 2, 3, and 4 are the best, and all good. As regards your other question: A fortnight's delay—generally the fault of the Company—is nothing unusual.

MISMANAGEMENT.—Your letter has been answered by post.

ZEERUST (Transvaal).—We have replied by post.

EAST LONDON (South Africa).—On this side the Brewery shares are well thought of. The Company is understood to have a monopoly, and to brew good stuff. The shares should recover in price, and some of your money might go into them. Of the mining shares you name, Rand Mines and Crown Deep's are the best. The latter are a speculative investment, and you have to allow for the life probably coming to an end about seventeen years hence.

J. S. GLASGOW.—In the first place, if you will allow us to say so, we think it extremely risky to exchange such a sound Industrial for the Rhodesian shares. In the second, the accommodation depends largely upon the bank, and the former dealings you have had with them. A margin of at least 20 per cent. would be wanted. The bank would be glad enough to do the business.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH, LIMITED.—Dividend warrants in payment of the half-yearly dividend on the 6 per cent. Preference Shares were posted to the shareholders of this company on July 31.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Redcar some of the following may win: Coatham Handicap, Peaceful Lady; Upleatham Handicap, Skiograph; Redcar Stakes, Scotch Boy; Twenty-Ninth Kirkleatham Biennial, Athi; Thirtieth Kirkleatham Biennial, Des-Essars; Redcar Handicap, Dragon; Zetland Handicap, Sir Evelyn Wood; National Foal Stakes, Telamon; Wilton Plate, Scotch Lad. At Kempton Park I fancy the following: Greenwood Handicap, Royal Dream; International Plate, Galvani; Princess's Plate, Little Theo; Sunbury Handicap, Hegemony; City of London Plate, Spearmint. Windsor may see some of the following successful: Castle Handicap, Kilwinning; Manor Plate, Greendale; Club Plate, Relish; Clewer Plate, Polar Star; August Handicap, Royal Dream; Flying Handicap, Scribo. At Stockton: Stockton Handicap, Fraxinus; Stewards' Handicap, Galloper. At Wolverhampton: Wolverhampton Handicap, Wise Love.

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